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No. 742
Friday
25 May '90

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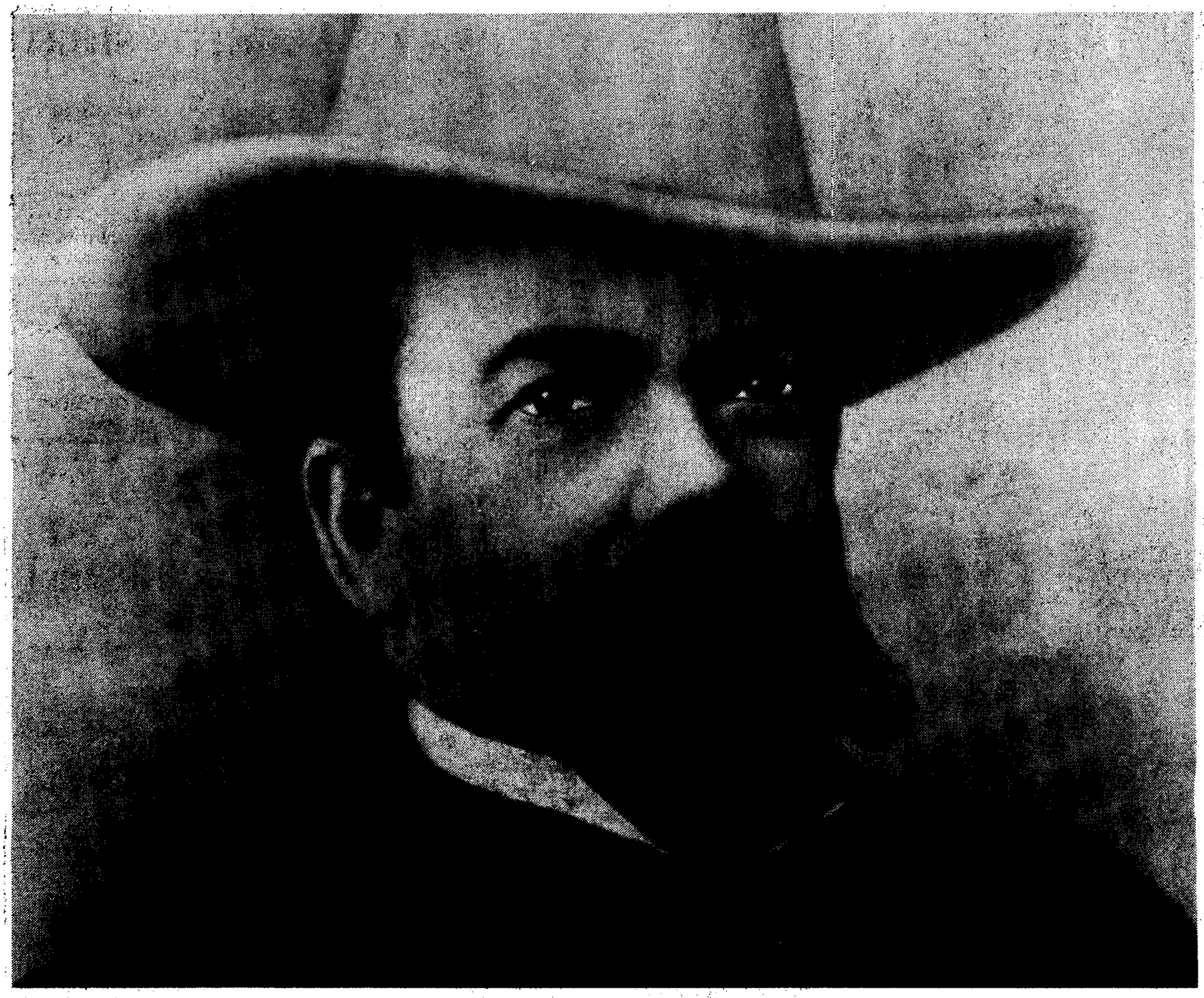

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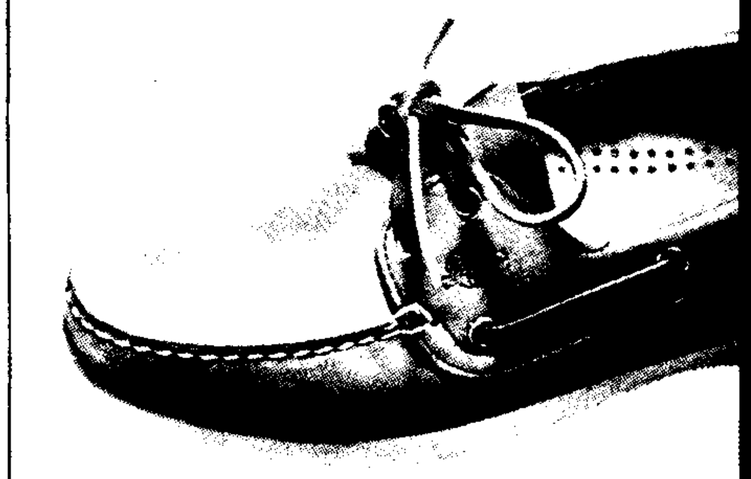

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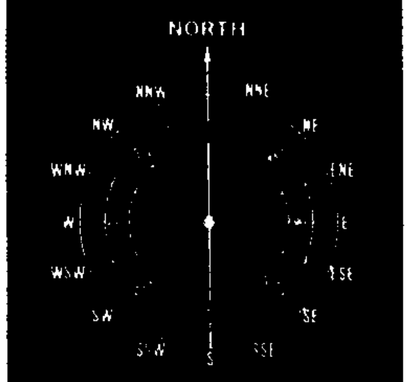

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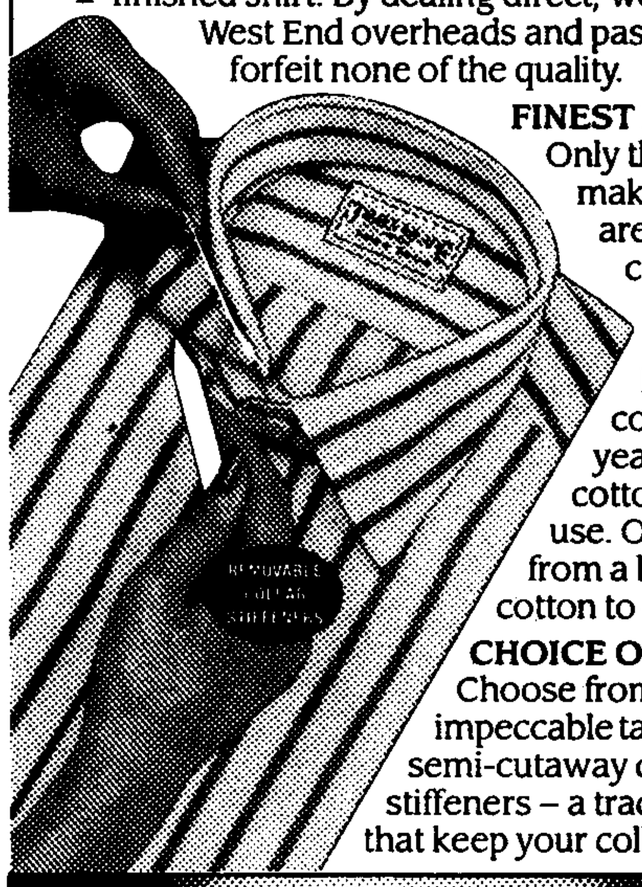

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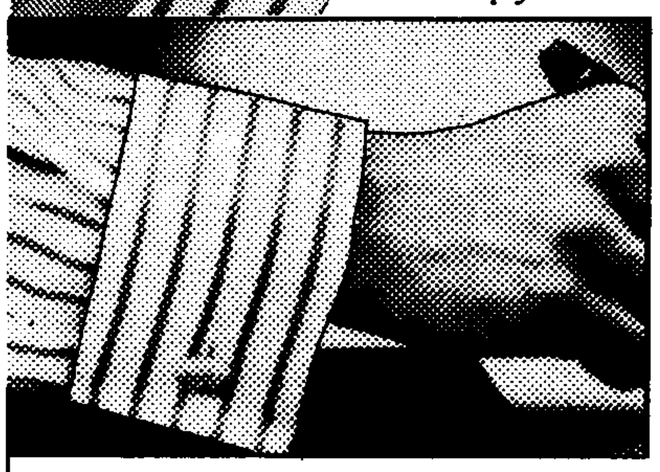

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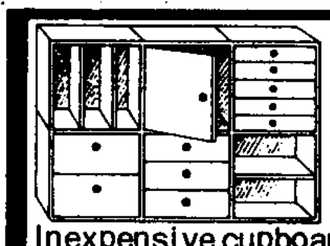

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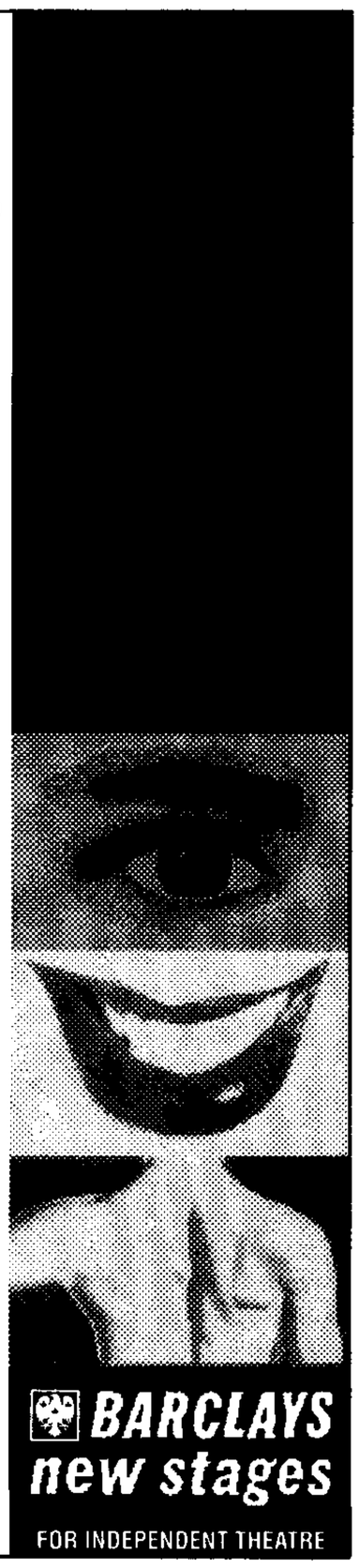

BARCLAYS new stages

FOR INDEPENDENT THEATRE

THE TOP TEAM

FOUR IN THE FIRST XI.

Michael Jackson, the eminent drinks writer, has recently compiled a list of Scotland's malt whiskies in order of excellence. It is called simply his *'Malt Whisky Companion'*, and it covers *237 separate malts*, some of them of great rarity and considerable age.

It is pleasing to record that not only did *The Macallan 25 year old* win *first-equal place*, but that the 18, 12 and 10 year all covered themselves with glory, lining up proudly in the chosen first eleven (a record no other malt 'name' could begin to match!).

ISN'T IT TIME YOU PUT THE MACALLAN INTO BOWL?

The Macallan. The Malt.

Gnome

MY HISTORIC decision to inaugurate the Lord Gnome Chair of Language and Communication at Oxford University, at a cost of £10 billion, has been met less than enthusiastically in certain academic quarters.

Ungrateful members of my alma mater have suggested that there is something incongruous in naming a chair of language and communication after myself.

I find this attitude quite inexplicable and to demonstrate just how shortsighted my critics are I can do no better than point to the report of this great event in my own newspaper: SUPER SKY BOSS GIVES BRIDESHEAD BOFFINS LOADSA-LUVLYLOLLY!

There was an accompanying photograph of myself flanked by two topless lovelies in sequinned academic gowns and mortarboards giving a giant cheque to the chancellor of the university.

Nothing could better illustrate my suitability as benefactor of such a chair. As Mr Emmanuel Strobes so kindly put it in his speech, if the man who brought the world Page 3 and satellite Derek Jameson doesn't know about garbage and titillation *(Shurely "language and communication"? E.S.)*, then who does?

E. Strobes
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COLOUR SECTION

AMAZING developments are reported almost daily in the Colin Wallace affair.

Officials at the MoD now admit to having destroyed the records of Wallace's appeal against his dismissal which is the subject of the Calcutt inquiry. These documents were apparently destroyed in 1986, in the middle of the *Spycatcher* furore, when Wallace had already written in detail to the prime minister complaining about his treatment.

The ministry is sticking to the view that only a handful of "very senior officials" knew all the details about the Wallace case. The truth is that the ministry was full of officers who had formerly served in Northern Ireland and who knew all about Wallace.

One such was General Len Garrett, Chief of Staff in Northern Ireland when Wallace was there. Another was General Willy Rous, head of operations in Northern Ireland when Wallace was there. Both held (and hold) senior appointments in the MoD yet neither, apparently, was able to warn ministers that they were systematically misleading Parliament over the Wallace case.

General Rous, a recent letter to the *Eye* pointed out, is not the Commandant of Sandhurst, Camberley. He is more important than that. He is Commandant of Camberley Staff College, responsible for training very senior officers indeed.

MORE problems for the London Fire Brigade and its chief officer Gerry Clarkson. The new computerised central mobility command at Lambeth, which handles all 999 calls in London, has on several occasions virtually ground to a halt.

The main computer has an unpleasant habit of crashing, as it did on 16 May, the day before a visit to the HQ by David Waddington, Home Secretary. He was, apparently, not informed. It crashed again on Sunday 20th, in the middle of the afternoon.

Whenever these crashes occur, the brigade is forced to mobilise on a pre-war footing, using the radio. This requires every fire engine in London to maintain a "listening watch". Radio channels are already so busy that whenever the computer crashes, all normal radio procedure is suspended completely.

There are, moreover, all sorts of problems with the software. The system is designed to work in conjunction with "button-boxes" which send coded messages from fire engines to control via a dedicated radio channel. These have not been fitted. The Home Secretary has apparently been unable to find a suitable radio frequency.

Meanwhile London's firefighters dread the onset of summer. Their new waterproof tunics, issued last year, are so hot that in warm weather their wearers often faint.

BRITISH STEEL, fresh from making 770 workers redundant at its Ravenscraig strip mill in Scotland, has seized another opportunity to improve its public image.

At a cost of £7,500 a year (excluding food and drinks, likely to add another £30,000 to the bill) company executives can now plan their next round of cost cuts in the comfort of a private box at Chepstow racecourse — a short trek along the M4 from the Llanwern plant in South Wales, which will benefit to the tune of £83 million from the Ravenscraig closure.

It is interesting to note that the offer of similar facilities at Hamilton racecourse, a few miles from Ravenscraig, was politely turned down some months ago.

PERHAPS finally persuaded by the arguments in the *Eye* over the years, the fatal accident inquiry into the "blow-out" at the Ocean Odyssey oil rig in the North Sea 20 months ago finally starts this week.

The *Eye* is anxious that the inquiry should have all the information about ARCO's previous record in the North Sea it needs and should not be too taken in by officials at the Department of Energy. Over their many lunches with top PR men from ARCO they have been heard to mutter that there is a "press witch-hunt against the company".

Here are some questions for the inquiry:

- What happened in February 1988 to the ARCO rig Benjamin, off Yarmouth? The rig took a terrific saltwater kick and it was only when all the mud pits were full to overflowing that the ARCO representative agreed that the well was flowing. The mud weight was hastily raised and the well brought under control. Almost at once instructions came through from ARCO's HQ in Los Angeles that the mud weight be lowered so the drilling rate could be faster. The mud weight was dropped and the well kicked again, immediately resurrecting the original emergency.
- What happened in February 1989 on the Penrod 85 Rig? It took a kick in the middle of the night. The ARCO rep gave orders that the drill string be pulled out of the hole, which could only have led to a blow-out. The men on the rig reported the order to the Installation Manager Offshore who promptly countermanded it in the nick of time.
- What happened in December 1989 on the ARCO-operated rig Zapata Scotian?

This took a kick at 4,500 feet which took 13 days to control. Still, ARCO somehow managed to get the well to kick again at 9,800 feet — a 10,000 psi kick which took two weeks to control.

Two other facts about North Sea drilling may bring the situation home to the inquiry.

- Production has been cut 25 per cent in the last year by accidents alone.
- The North Sea has contributed a good share of the spills of oil round the British coast. There were 87 of these in 1985, 166 in 1986, 254 in 1987, 259 in 1988, and 291 in 1989: an increase in four years of 350 per cent — even higher than the increase in the profits of the oil companies.

"Do I hear £100 million?"

STREET OF SHAME

AT THE *Sun* office following the Press Council's ruling on "poofs", editor Kelvin Mackenzie pondered aloud whether the Press Council's chairman, Louis Blom-Cooper, had any ulterior motive.

This disgraceful suggestion was greeted enthusiastically by bearded lout Gary Bushell, Kelvin's poof-basher supreme, a man who recently wrote that Stalin can't have been all bad if he persecuted homosexuals. (In an earlier incarnation, Bushell promoted right-wing skinhead rock groups.)

Bushell suggested to Kelvin that the Press Council boss should be door-stepped and a full investigation launched under the working title "Is Blom-Cooper a Stooper?"

At macho Wapping, it seems, homosexuals are divided into "stoopers" and "stabbers". They do seem to know a lot about it, don't they?

THE stampede of national newspaper editors to print any picture the police give them of alleged poll tax rioters is all quite unnecessary: the police have plenty of their own photographers on these marches — and not only on buildings as reported in *Eye* 740.

The *Wolverhampton Express & Star* reported on 7 May that journalists at a poll tax demonstration in Dudley on 5 May were bemused by the identity of a photographer who joined the march in Coronation Gardens and behaved in a distinctly chummy way. Asked by one journalist where he was from, the photographer replied: "The Press Association". This astonished local reporters who in all their combined experience had never heard of a PA photographer at such a function. Questioned further, the wretched man broke down and admitted he was from the Special Branch. He took a lot of pictures and withdrew.

"If police officers are claiming to be from news organisations," said one journalist, "why should the public have any respect for genuine photographers?" Why indeed — especially when editors publish the police pictures anyway and ask the public to identify them?

FACT: It is a criminal offence to impersonate a police officer.

MRS THATCHER recently hosted a lunch at 10 Downing Street for three representatives of the *Sunday Torygraph* — Peregrine Worsthorne, who edits the paper's comment pages, and two associate editors, Frank "Iago" Johnson and Bruce Anderson.

No doubt "Brute" gave the Leaderene his assessment of Mrs Sylvia Heal, the victorious Labour candidate in the Mid-Staffs by-election. Looking in on one of the press conferences during the campaign, he conveyed his feelings about her to one of her minders. "She's worth a fuck on a dull Sunday," he opined in his basso profundo Scottish accent.

Meanwhile Brute and his poisonous ally Johnson have been doing their best to undermine the respect accorded by journalists to *Sunday Torygraph* editor Trevor Grove (precious little in the first place). Brute approached Grove on board the waterbus that ferries hacks to the Isle of Dogs and before an astonished audience proceeded to subject Grove to a gruelling general knowledge test, asking him such questions as "Who is the president of France?" to which Grove shamefully replied "Chirac". Anderson announced to those who witnessed the quiz that it proved Grove was an intellectual pygmy. Iago's tactic, on the other hand, is even simpler. He encourages the hacks to greet their editor as "Trev".

"EUROPE's first national newspaper hit the street yesterday and within hours all one million copies had been sold," the *Daily Mirror* reported excitedly on Saturday 13 May. Robert Maxwell went even further when he appeared on *Wogan* four days later. Not only had the *European* sold out, but this was "unprecedented in newspaper history".

In fact it is perfectly common for the first issue of a newspaper to sell out; what counts is whether anyone buys the next few issues. And some unkind observers have wondered whether the launch issue really did sell out "within hours". All last week there were huge snowdrifts of apparently unsold copies in many newsagents and railway stations. But perhaps these were all mirages.

Or perhaps not. Certainly one shouldn't nowadays believe anything the Cap'n says without independent corroboration, since his concept of truth has become increasingly unorthodox. In an interview with the *Independent on Sunday* two weeks ago he claimed that "I did no business with Eastern Europe before the Berlin Wall came down. There! That's something new for you." New it may be, but true it isn't, as readers of the *Eye* — and the *Mirror*, come to that — are well aware.

In this context, it is worth drawing attention to a little-noticed 1983 text, "Stereospecific Polymerisation of Isoprene". The book, published by Cap'n Bob's Pergamon Press, is an English translation of a Bucharest PhD thesis. It is unusual to see such a thesis published in its entirety. Scientific theses are generally full of tedious and standard experimental detail and any useful results are submitted to journals in concise form. Odder still, the distinguished scientist who wrote the foreword, Dorothy Hodgkin (Mrs Thatcher's old tutor), admitted that "I am not equipped myself with enough tactical knowledge of the field of this work to give a critical scientific evaluation of its contents".

Still, it must indeed have been a ground-breaking work, or else Maxwell would not have published it. And the author's name? Dr Elena Ceausescu.

PS: Even in trifling matters the Cap'n cannot be relied upon to tell the truth. He told *Wogan* viewers last week that he had travelled to the show by helicopter and had "landed on Shepherds Bush Green". Not so. Hammersmith & Fulham Council, which owns the green, has never given permission for a helicopter to land there — it would be "extremely dangerous". In fact, his twin-engined Budgie-style machine put down on a patch of land called Little Wormwood Scrubs.

O.B.N.

... for 40 years, he [the Duke of Edinburgh] has sacrificed his own considerable talent and ambition simply to act as a quite indispensable tower of strength and support for the Queen.

Finally, hasn't he one other great thing going for him? Hasn't he sired a son who had the good sense and good luck to marry a lady so gentle, so loving, so compassionate and so utterly adorable that she could yet single-handedly ensure that the British monarchy survives into the 21st Century?

SIR JOHN JUNOR
Evening Standard

I'd come up with a few names [for the tabloid section] — Horizons, Panache, Arena — but none of them seemed quite right. But Bob [Maxwell] came back from Europe... and said I've got a name for you — Elan. It seemed perfect.

IAN WATSON (Editor of The European)
Campaign

Submitted by Tim Hopkins, Trevor Noake.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

ROBIN "Moron" Morgan, doomed editor of the *Sunday Getsmuchworse*, has been writing Sir Jonah's old "Current Events" column while the present incumbent, Tom Utley, is on holiday. Last week he was in stern, moralising mood:

"I suppose the odious slime will ooze out of Beverly Hills before too long to poison the memory of Sammy Davis Junior", he thundered. "And I suspect it will be packaged and peddled by so-called newspapers safe in the knowledge that you can't libel a dead man."

How true. On page three of the very same issue of Morgan's organ was a prominent news story claiming to name the Fifth Man in the Philby spy ring. The culprit was identified as Prof Charlie Broad, a blameless philosopher from Trinity College, Cambridge.

The *Express* admitted there was no evidence whatever to justify this smear, beyond the fact that Philby had been a student at Trinity and must, therefore, have known Broad. So why was it dredged out of the odious slime? Because Broad died in 1971 and — as Robin Morgan well knows — "you can't libel a dead man".

Pass the sick-bag, Alice.

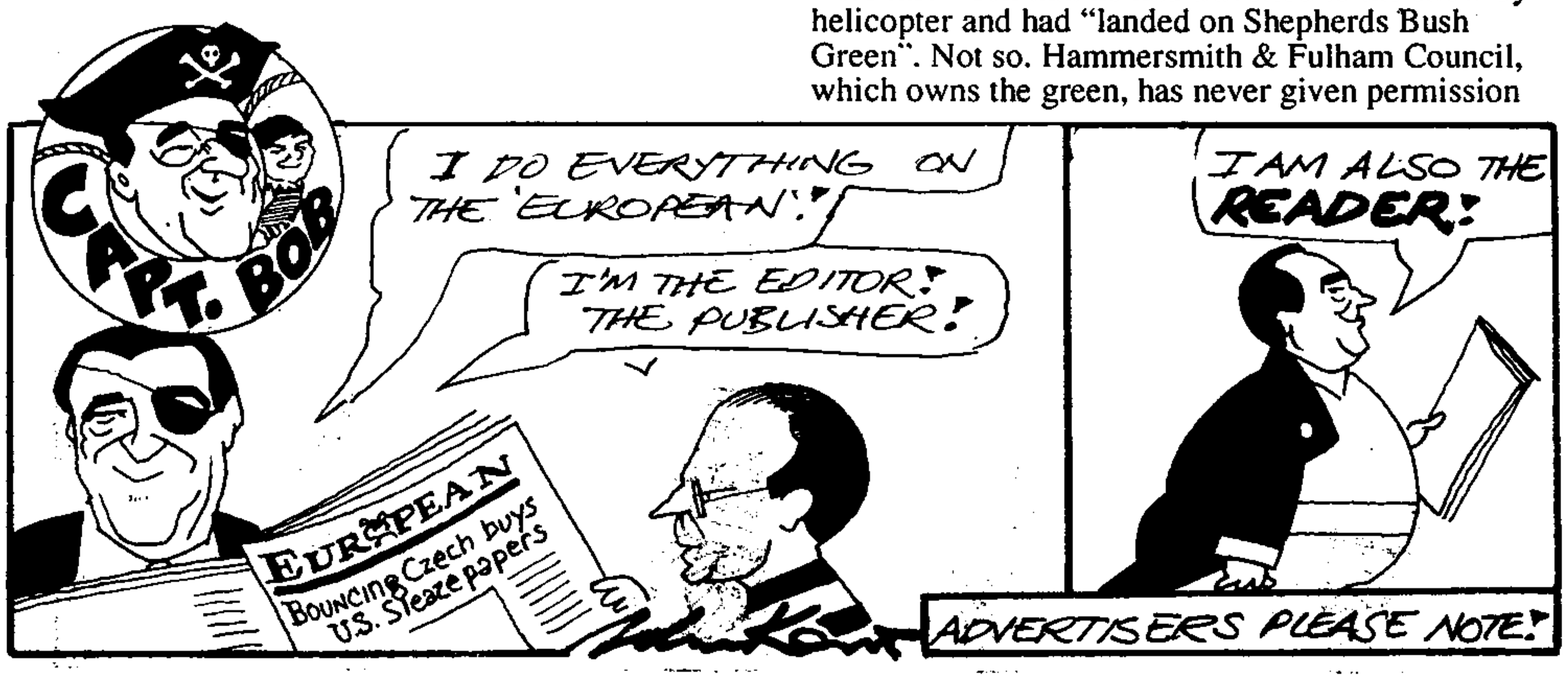
THE extra-curricular endeavours of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill are even more impressive than we suggested in the last *Eye*.

As well as hosting a breakfast show on LBC, presenting a series of videos about skiing and another about computers — oh, and editing a weekly newspaper — he has also found time to make a video in which he test-drives four "two-litre executive models" of car.

The 30-minute tape of this pointless exercise, sponsored by Lex Vehicle Leasing, can be had for just £19.95 from a company called Taylor Made Distribution Ltd in Liverpool — the same firm that flogs the many other videos featuring "Brillo Pad".

How much loot is Neill collecting from all this moonlighting? Figures are not available, but the skiing video alone is said to have sold 40,000 copies at £40 a time — thanks in part, no doubt, to the hectares of free promotion it was given in the *Sunday Times*.

With a six-figure salary from Wapping, and the same again from LBC, Neill may soon overtake "Sir" Patrick Sergeant as Britain's best-paid hack. He can now afford a few more Moulinex food processors for his girlfriends, at any rate.


CAPT. BOB
I DO EVERYTHING ON THE 'EUROPEAN'!
I'M THE EDITOR! THE PUBLISHER!
EUROPEAN
Bouncing Czech buys U.S. Sleaze papers
I AM ALSO THE READER!
ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE!

THATCH is said to be fizzing with fury again — this time over Sir Alan Walters, her former chief economic adviser who has just submitted the manuscript of his explosive book on the British economy in the 1980s to Collins.

Both the PM and the civil servants who've read it object to every paragraph. It is also bound to rouse the ire of former chancellor Nigel Lawson, who is made to look economically illiterate. Accordingly, the cabinet secretariat vetting the book is objecting to every other paragraph.

When asked about this attempt to stifle free speech, Collins has been coy to the point of non-communication. It will be interesting to see how Walters stands up to the intimidation since the Government has no legal power to prevent publication of the unabridged version.

THE Commons select committees are in turmoil following the investigation into whether Colonel Condom (aka Michael Mates MP) should be debarred from chairing the select committee on defence given his interest in the company SLG (Defence) Ltd (see *Eyes passim*).

Sir Geoffrey Johnson-Smith, chairman of the committee on members interests, has written under confidential cover to other select committee chairmen asking for their views and those of their members. If a recent meeting of the treasury select committee is anything to go by, Matey's days are numbered.

There was near unanimous opposition to the notion of chairmen of select committees having personal interests in the fields covered by their committees. There was also a move by Labour members to debar any MP, let alone chairman, from membership where the MP concerned has pecuniary interests. This proved too much for the exceedingly rich Tory MPs on the committee who have interests in everything from stockbroking to futures on the world's grain markets.

Meanwhile the colonel is fast losing control in the Commons. In the lobby he can be heard blustering and threatening writs while MPs daily attack him in the chamber. He's even admitted taping a telephone interview with a journalist. Gentlemen just don't do these things.

TIM EGGAR (*Eyes passim*) showed impeccable timing when he went to Harlow recently to talk to government training executives at Gilbey's Gin makers, IDV, about job training in Essex.

If he had gone just two days later, the jobs minister's visit would have coincided with the company's announcement that it was to axe 330 workers at the factory. The redundancies came a week before IDV's parent company Grand Metropolitan announced half-year pre-tax profits of £409m, up 36 per cent, most of it from IDV which showed record results of £209m.

The ministerial lunch was hosted by Howard Smith, managing director of IDV's Harlow factory and director of the Essex Training and Enterprise Council. He said that although he had been considering the future of his spirits factory for 15 months and knew of the ministerial visit several days before, it's timing was purely coincidental and he did not agree it was insensitive.

VOLUNTARY euthanasia has been discussed in and out of Parliament for the past 100 years. So when Roland Boyes, Labour MP for Houghton and Washington, brought forward a bill on its legalisation members were amazed to hear Mark Fisher, a Labour frontbench spokesman and MP for Stoke-on-Trent central, abstain saying: "I don't want to make a snap judgement on this one."

In the good old days, the PLP was full of loony libertarians. Not any more. The sharp-suited male members of Labour's image-conscious shadow cabinet have all been warned that euthanasia is not an electorally attractive subject and none voted for the measure.

Indeed there were almost as many Tory as Labour MPs in the tiny "aye" lobby who voted for the bill. Michael Foot was one of them; but where was Tony Benn, Labour's leading libertarian? Could this be the beginning of Benn's conversion to sanity?

THERE WAS big trouble for Roy Hattersley at a recent meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

MP after MP, all of whom had read *Eye* 740, attacked the Labour deputy leader for supporting Tory legislation to allow emigrants to South Africa and elsewhere to vote in British elections for the next 25 years. It was pointed out that this could cost Labour the next general election.

Fattersley, the blood drained from his face, blamed Joyce Gould, a minor apparatchik at the party's Walworth Road HQ. MPs gulped in amazement at the idea that Ms Gould now had autonomous powers to decide party policy. Dawn Primarolo, MP for Bristol South, summed up everyone's feelings when she questioned Hatterjee's "judgement".

There was no respite for the member for Birmingham Sparkbrook. Next on the agenda was an item on Europe, during which Neil Kinnock launched a biting attack on *Guardian* hack John Palmer. He added for good measure: "I have little respect for those who write for the *Guardian.*" There were jeers as Hattersley, a regular contributor, sank lower in his seat.

'Backbiter'

ULSTER NEWS

STAFF at Conservative Central Office are busy fielding bizarre protests from their newly established branches in Northern Ireland.

Thanks to the efforts of Chris Patten and Tom King, Ulster was spared the poll tax. Now, in a desperate effort to suck up to Thatch, some local Tories are demanding that rates be scrapped and replaced with the community charge immediately. Motions to this effect are planned for the next party conference, something the present Ulster secretary Peter Brooke and his ministers could do without.

Worse, some MPs fear Thatcher's capacity for self-delusion is now so great that she'll see the desire of a few Ulster Tories for the poll tax as evidence that it's a good system and continue to support it regardless of the consequences.

SECURITY NEWS

IN RESPONSE to our article about him in the last *Eye*, Dr Barry Rider has reassured us that he will not sue (see Letters). In his case, this is a very wise decision.

Since his forced resignation from the Commonwealth Secretariat, Dr Rider has been busy preparing his conference "Eighth International Symposium on Economic Crime". That Dr Rider is well qualified to talk about crime is not in dispute. That he has attended many conferences on this subject is also not in dispute. But there is some confusion over some of Dr Rider's academic qualifications which he spreads over assorted letterheads.

Other matters are also unclear. In a UN application for employment dated 12.2.88 he claims to have the status of under-secretary, seconded permanently to the Commonwealth Secretariat and to have served in HM's peacekeeping forces liaison in south-east Asia.

This is interesting as Rider claims to be a major in the Royal Artillery, seconded to Hongkong. Strange indeed that the MoD cannot trace him. Still, the uniform he wears around Cambridge on occasions must belong to some army somewhere.

The attorney-general of Bermuda, Saul Froomkin, took exception to aspects of our article and complained bitterly in two letters that we claimed he was to run an investigative business, International Financial Integrity Systems Ltd, while serving as attorney-general. We accept his assurance that he would have resigned had the company taken off. But to other matters concerning IFIS, he says in his latest letter dated 16 May: "I had no involvement in the company at any time" and asserts "I did not set up the Company".

Lord Gnome is happy to refresh his memory. In a faxed communication to Dr Gary Busch of London (Busch was to arrange financing of the company) dated 11.11.88 from the attorney-general's office, Froomkin outlines a detailed business plan which he says he had prepared with Dr Barry Rider, ending his communication "we must get moving".

And on 9 December 1988 he sent another fax from the same office asking Busch to send US$5,000 to Mello & Jones Trust account to incorporate the company. He also asks Busch for full details of bank references and nominees, adding that if he got them in time "we can have company incorporated by beginning of January". He signs off: "LET'S DO IT!"

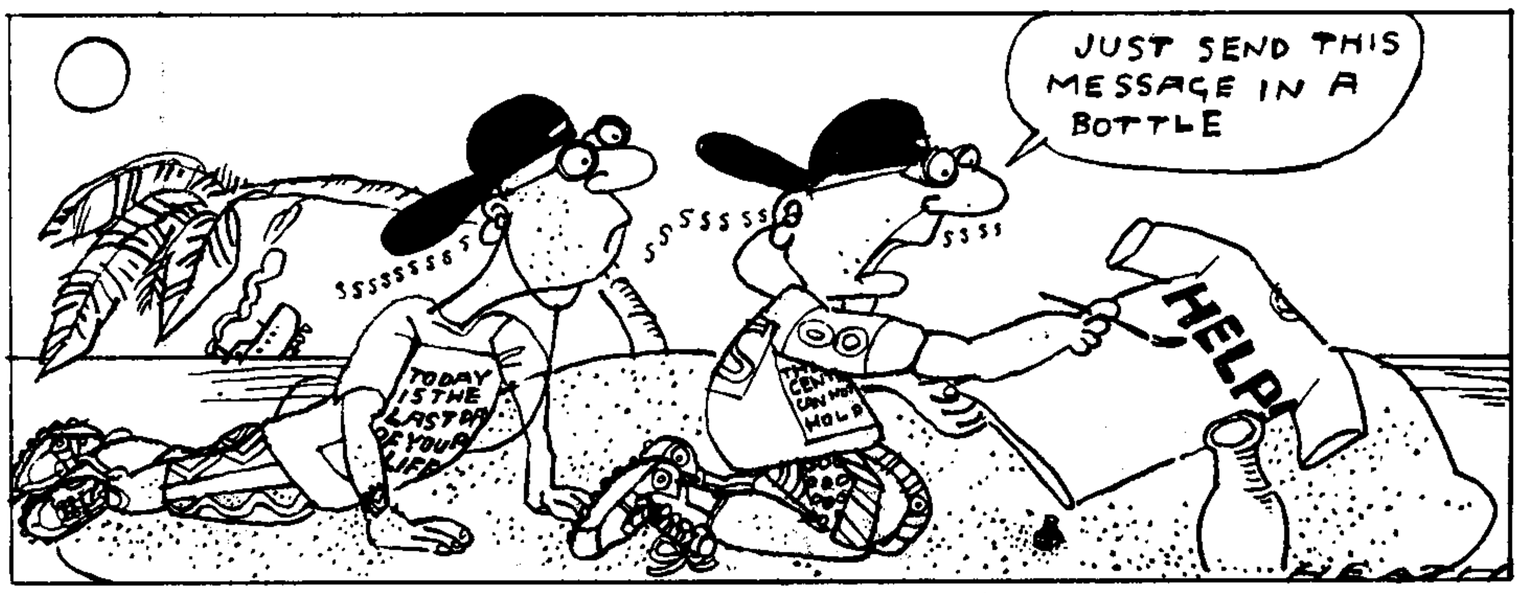
When incorporation was complete, Froomkin sent the details to Busch on 26 January 1989, again using his office fax.

The certificate of incorporation was sent by fax on 25 January using the same route. And on the same date he was able to send a letter from the local tax authorities granting tax exempt status for the company. Busch has told the *Eye* Froomkin arranged the tax exempt status.

For Saul Froomkin to say he had nothing to do with the setting up of the company can only be attributable to an appalling loss of memory on his behalf. But had the company got off the ground, he would have been well rewarded. Documents in the *Eye*'s possession show a contract had been drawn up to pay him an annual salary of the Bermuda dollar equivalent to £150,000 per annum.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

TO THE Guildhall, to join Brenda and dozens of Churchills, Soameses and Amerys to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Winston's arrival in Downing Street. But where is my friend Lord Lichfield, the bouffant-haired snapper who is supposed to be photographing the happy ceremony?

Eventually, ten minutes late, a puffing Patrick rushes in, cameras swinging. There has been, it seems, a slight *contre-temps* at the door. When asked who he was, Patrick told the security guards "I'm here to shoot the Queen" — whereupon he was leapt upon by burly officers from the anti-terrorist squad.

THERE is an explanation for Denis Thatcher's seemingly odd behaviour in refusing to help his wife entertain T. Dan Quayle at No 10. He wasn't feeling well enough.

Some months have now passed since it became clear that his once legendary ability to absorb alcohol has become seriously impaired. But the fact that he can now manage only a couple of snorts is still not that widely known. His condition is bearing on his wife's decision on whether or not to lead the party into the next election.

She will make up her mind in August and it is clear that she is much more frightened of leading and losing than of being pushed out by her Tory critics. Terror of losing gave her nightmares even during the last election, but it will be a lot worse next time. Denis, 75, could well provide her with the most respectable reason for her own departure.

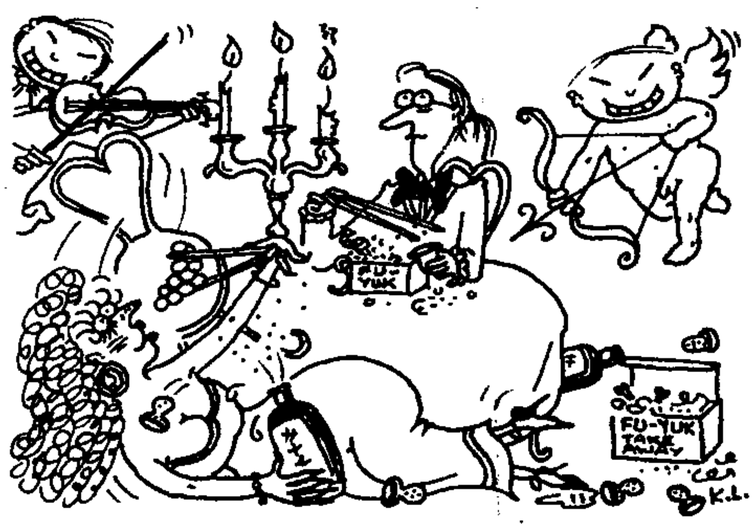
IRONICALLY, while lunching at Harry's Bar earlier this month, I spied the small but select band who had gathered to celebrate the old codger's birthday.

There with Denis and his droll boy Mark was none other than the delightful arms deal fixer Wafic Said, along with his mysterious lawyer William Hird.

I know the wealthy Wafic holds Mark in esteem as he once gave the boy a Rolex, but I wondered why the men spent the whole meal earnestly discussing Dubai.

I was even more perplexed on my return to Harry's a few days later to see Wafic and Mark *still there*. It must have been a very good lunch.

Pseuds Corner



Saturday nights are very special: we eat in the dining room. It's the night we switch off and are totally together. We might have a bottle of champagne, a special meal, Chinese with candles, music. We get dressed up, I re-do my hair and make-up and we sit at the table for perhaps a couple of hours and talk about how fortunate we are.

ROSEMARY CONLEY
Sunday Times Magazine

"The emergence of polyphony was the aesthetic equivalent of the development of democracy." Jacques Darras dropped this remark casually over lunch one day. It was a provocative comment, of course, doubtless overstated, and not intended for public consumption. But when I challenged him he spoke lovingly of the music of Dufay and Josquin, the canvases of the Van Eycks and the political benevolence of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy. I think this was the moment when in my mind at least I felt that this man had to be the 1989 BBC Reith Lecturer.

Introduction to transcript of BBC Reith Lectures

Bernard Dooling, creative director at 20/20, says: "Exploring a book should be akin to reading a paragraph of perfect prose, which is punctuated with commas — points for pause and contemplation; question marks — areas of intrigue and fascination; and exclamation marks — zones of visual excitement and animation. All elements should combine to make shopping for books more of a stimulating experience."

Marketing Week

I'd recently had a haircut at Sassoon in Sloane Street, and my balls, recently talcum-powdered, were as fragrantly dusted and tasty as Turkish Delight.

HANIF KUREISHI
Correspondent Magazine

You have to follow your heart, like I did when I recorded an album with the Pet Shop Boys. Tonight Chris [Lowe] and Neil [Tennant] are taking me to the theatre. One doesn't think of rock and roll artists having that many varied interests. I trust their integrity, and their writing is so very Brechtian, Kurt Weill-y, with haunting melodies and wonderful words like "I love you, you pay the rent". That's a good thought, funny, very British humour, which I adore.

LIZA MINNELLI
Sunday Express

Seminar — Modernism as a Third-World Phenomenon
Jameson asks the question whether this late flowering of forms abandoned by the advanced world allows us to begin a historicisation of modernism in relation to urban development.

National Film Theatre programme

CONTRIBUTORS: Roger Dunkley, Peter James, Anne Bacon, John Benfield Curtis, Peter Molloy, Bill Linskey.

£10 paid for entries

● *ENTERING a public telephone booth at Euston Station, my attention is caught by an unpleasant sticker promising exotic delights.*

"Titled Aristocrat...", it says, "Slave training, CP, Dom, Hum... Lady Olga". Being a Russophile, I naturally feel emboldened to call the number provided. Imagine my shock when the phone at the other end is answered by none other than Robin Hay, husband of my old friend Lady Olga Maitland, Tory candidate and stalwart champion of family values. I hang up immediately and ponder who could wish to play such a cruel joke on the Greatest Living Englishwoman.

MY OLD college chum Rupert Murdoch, the born-again Christian, appears to be growing respectable in his old age judging by his sunsational £££££s cash gift of three million big ones to Oxford University, his alma mater, for a "Language and Communication" chair.

The "Page 3 chair", as it will be known, will not go to a *Sun* sub-editor to annoy the establishment as might have been expected, but is said to be going to a suitably dreary post-structuralist to justify the pseudo title.

I doubt it will advance the frontiers of Eng Lit or Lang, and the big question being asked at high table is why the Dirty Digger, lover of the thrusting new Britain, should give a week and a half's losses at Sky TV to the old ruin.

Suggestions that he is hoping for an honorary fellowship from Worcester, his old college, are quite intolerable especially since his beloved Thatch was so spitefully turned down for the same honour.

"I can hear the sea"

I LOOK forward to the outing of the year, namely the splendid forthcoming nuptials of fashion hackette Sally Brampton and BBC1 Controller Jonathan Powell.

Friends of both parties are delighted, although surprised by this happy event.

● *I AM MUCH amused by a tale from Derby where red-blooded Inspector Knacker has been pursuing the city's homosexualists with unseemly vigour.*

He has been sending plain-clothes PCs into public lavatories as agents provocateurs — "pretty police" as they're known in the trade — but sadly has come badly unstuck.

For when two of Derby's most successful "pretty police" were on duty at the gents' in Markeaton Park the other day, smiling alluringly at the other punters in the urinal, the two rozzers were suddenly set upon and violently attacked by a posse of queer-bashers.

Luckily, help was at hand. Two gay men appeared on the scene and drove away the queer-bashers. But as one of the rozzers turned to thank the rescuers he discovered, much to his embarrassment, that one of them was a man he had "entrapped" and arrested only the previous day in the very same lavatory!

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

GLASGOW — "European City of Culture 1990". The very idea makes some Englishmen reach for their revolvers. Yet, although Britain's "second city" is run by socialists and the writ of this Government enjoys no respect north of the border, Glasgow's renaissance is admired by one unlikely person: Mrs Thatcher.

Our leader is impressed by the commercial enterprise shown by the district council in promoting the city for tourism. And the irony goes further, for big firms are moving to Glasgow and the Broomielaw is threatened with a massive office development designed by American architects. As the docklands dream dissolves and London collapses, Glasgow is set to become the last bastion of the Thatcherite Revolution.

But the real reason Mrs Thatcher seems to like Glasgow is its thraldom to the motor car. For Cecil Parkinson, her Minister for Roads, it must be the nearest place to Heaven outside Birmingham: cars are everywhere and public transport is withering.

In the 1960s, when most of the city almost disappeared, a motorway was driven right through its heart across the Clyde, dividing the commercial centre from the West End. More of that road, the M8, cuts a swathe through Townhead and strikes towards Glasgow's medieval cathedral, leaving the Martyrs School, by the principal architect to the tourist industry, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, standing forlorn on the edge of a cutting. Outright demolition might have been kinder.

But this is unfinished business. If this spur is continued southwards, perhaps in a tunnel past the cathedral to spare the sensibilities of antiquarians, it can then cut down the east side of the city, romp across Glasgow Green and then cross the Clyde to connect with a new east-west road across the Gorbals to join up with the M8 again running westwards. Glasgow would then have its own little "Motorway Box" — something London has (so far) managed to avoid.

This is precisely what Strathclyde Regional Council proposed in its 1988 structure plan. Strathclyde is

the most monstrous of the administrative units created by Conservative local government reorganisation; it is Labour controlled, but its highways and transportation committee, under the enthusiastic chairmanship of Councillor Malcolm Waugh (relation?), is completely subject to road engineers and road planners.

The £250 million new road plans will cause immense environmental damage. The cruelly abused Gorbals will be finished off by the M74 extension and made into a giant car park for the commercial centre over the Clyde; Glasgow Green, a splendid open space with the enchanting People's Palace, will be cut up by the "eastern flank" while yet more traffic will be disgorged into the city centre by twin low level bridges under the existing Kingston motorway bridge.

Once the devastating import of the structure plan was appreciated, local opposition became intense. But that means nothing to Malcolm Rifkind, Secretary of State for Scotland. Without any public inquiry, this loyal Thatcherite approved the structure plan last December. As a good politician, of course, Rifkind is only answerable to the road transport mafia, as he has already shown by allowing the new Ayr road to run through the grounds of Pollock House in defiance of his reporter's (inspector's) recommendations.

But all is not yet lost. The opposition group Glasgow for People (see *Eye* 733) has bravely lodged an appeal against Rifkind's decision on the grounds that the regional council failed to consult the public over the "twin bridges" plan. As the journal of *Scottish Planning Law and Practice* comments, "Ceausescu of Romania could have learned something from Scotland of the eighties. He should have incorporated the destruction of 'Ethnic Villages' into a complex structure plan, full of statistics, and then showered his people with local plans, seeking consultation on the rate of demolition and the detailed design of his new agri-towns, all the time stressing his support for 'public participation'!"...

The Labour-controlled district council is now unhappy about this abuse of democracy, but it also has much to answer for. At present a pedestrian or cyclist cannot cross the Clyde downstream of Glasgow Bridge, say from Govan to the Kelvingrove Museum. There are no ferries; only the vile Kingston Bridge — for cars only. Once there was a foot tunnel, but that was filled in with sand rather than be repaired. There is a footbridge, built to reach the garden festival site, but that is closed — the district council claiming it costs too much to maintain. Mr Rifkind should approve: public money is only for roads.

Glasgow likes to think of itself as more European than British, but civilized European cities are improving public transport and no longer building urban motorways to destroy and pollute. Thanks, in particular, to the Secretary of State for Scotland and Strathclyde Regional Council, the European City of Culture for 1990 looks set to become one of the most backward cities in Europe — the Athens of the North.

'Piloti'

WARE, WALLACE AND THE *SPECTATOR*

JUST WHAT are the standards of the new *Spectator* editor, Dominic Lawson?

Some time ago the *Spectacularlyboring* published a longish article by John Ware, the *Panorama* (and former *Sun*) reporter who had just been censored by the Press Council for his smear on Colin Wallace in 1987. Ware was very upset about the Press Council verdict and somehow persuaded the *Spec* to publish his *Independent* allegations again.

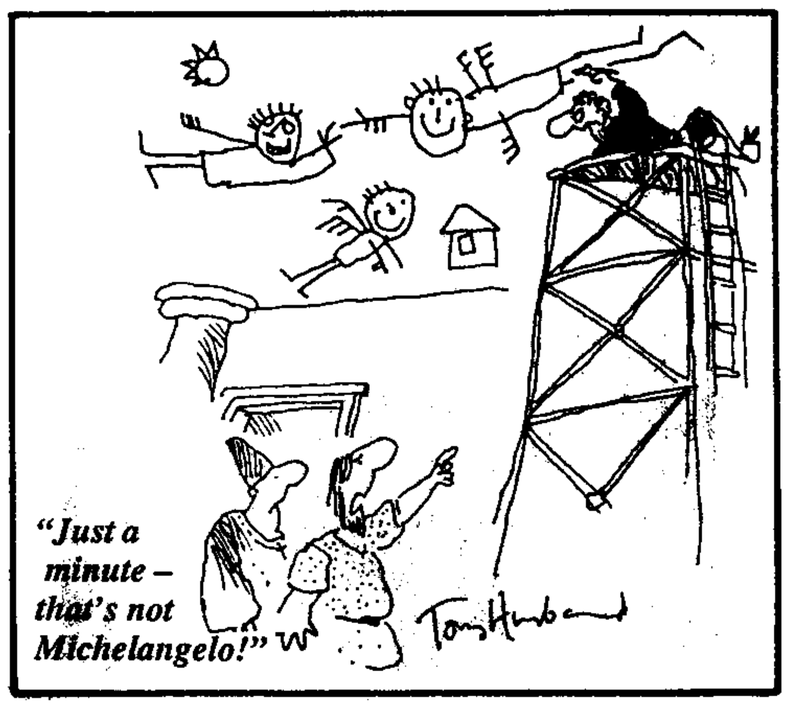
Chief among these was that Wallace's claim to have been an experienced parachutist in Northern Ireland was false, and that therefore Wallace was not to be trusted. The article — "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" — shifted a little from the original allegations in the *Independent*. From suggesting Wallace had never parachuted at all (the *Independent*, 2.9.87), Ware now suggested he had not gone on displays.

Wallace replied, but his article was cut in half. Ware wrote another letter stressing that Wallace still did not refute the allegations about parachuting. The *Spectator* published it.

This drew an enormous reply from Paul Foot, author of *Who Framed Colin Wallace?*, which gave chapter and verse backing Wallace's claims. Blithely, Lawson refused to publish this, claiming the reply was "too long for a letter". Thus the already censored smears of Ware stood as gospel truth for *Spectator* readers.

The *Eye* duly publishes the section of Foot's letter which dealt with the parachuting:

> The *Belfast Telegraph* of 17 October 1967 reported:
>
> "Lieutenant Colin Wallace, RUR, Ballymena, has won fourth place in the novice individual section RUR, of the 1967 international parachute championships at Mass., USA. Lieutenant Wallace is a member of the UK team."
>
> On now to 1969, when the *Irish Guards Association Journal* for February welcomed a new cadet officer:
>
> "The second in command, Colin Wallace, whilst suffering slightly from Paramania (he is a parachutist of international repute)... will eventually achieve great fame as he will, no doubt, be the first Brigade Officer to visit RHQ without getting a salute at the main gate — as, knowing him, he will surely parachute in."
>
> On two more years to 11 March 1971, when the *Ballymena Observer* proudly reported: "Ballymena officer with New Zealand army". The news was that Lieutenant Colin Wallace was on training duty with the SAS in New Zealand. The paper reported:
>
> "A well-known personality in the world of free-fall parachuting, he [Wallace] has jumped with the French and United States armies as well as winning fourth place in the novice section of the International Parachute Championships in the United States in 1967."
>
> In November 1973, Ted Oliver, a reporter on the *Belfast Telegraph*, and a photographer, Derek Adams, went out with the Phantoms, an army free-fall parachute team. The plane they had hoped to use was not available. So as not to disappoint the journalists, the team agreed to jump out of a helicopter. Ted Oliver, who now works on the *Daily Mirror*, remembers that the team did the jump twice, so that the pictures of the free-fallers, which were taken from another helicopter, could be perfected. The newspaper got a huge "spread" for its story (*Belfast Telegraph*, November 24, 1973).
>
> The man in charge of the team was Colin Wallace, who is quoted at length in Oliver's article. Ted Oliver remembers "without any doubt at all" that Wallace jumped that day; and indeed had set up the whole operation.
>
> Parachuting by this time was becoming very popular among the troops in Northern Ireland: too popular. In once case, a fatal accident was only just avoided. The safety officer for the Army Parachute Association, Major Edward Gardener, who commanded a battalion in the Ardoyne, was worried. He sent a memorandum round army units in Northern Ireland calling for stricter regulations. The final paragraph of the memo read:
>
> "The man chiefly responsible for promoting parachuting among servicemen in Northern Ireland and for getting the sport properly organised is Mr Colin Wallace who works in the Press Office at HQNI. He is himself a keen and fairly experienced parachutist with about 300 jumps."
>
> All this was confirmed in June 1974, when Colin Wallace got the sought-after "D" licence for advanced parachutists from the British Parachute Association.
>
> After John Ware published his "woofo" article in *The Independent* in September 1987, I spoke to Edward Gardener who was then regimental colonel of the Parachute Regiment at Aldershot. The colonel said at once that he had known Colin Wallace well. "...He did used to jump out there; and I certainly know that quite definitely," said the colonel. Colonel Gardener said it was "quite impossible" that Wallace could have got his "D" licence by deception, as John Ware, without a shred of evidence, alleged. Each jump, he explained, had to be countersigned by another parachutist, and forgery on such a scale was unthinkable. ❞



ME TV

Black In Blue

(BBC1)

IF YOUR idea of diverting entertainment is Desmond Wilcox going to see a lot of policemen, then *Black In Blue* — a new and very long documentary series about non-white recruits to the Metropolitan Police — is fine. If your idea of diverting entertainment would be a lot of policemen going to see Desmond Wilcox, then the pleasure will be less. *Black In Blue* is the latest example of a genre of which he is the main exponent. The genre might be called Tit Liberalism.

The trick is that you are outwardly making a series which expresses anguish at a social injustice, but that you also include lots of pretty girls and, ideally, saucy questions to them. In *Black In Blue*, for example, there is a sequence in which the recruits are fitted for their uniforms. This sequence has a role in expanding the argument of the programmes — it is about the transformative properties of the costume that goes with a job — but it also has a role in expanding the audience: it allows a lot of shots of shapely girls smoothing serge skirts against their thighs and checking that that blouse bodice allows them enough free movement in the shoulders.

This double-edge — a hard edge and a soft one, in fact — has been cleverly developed over the years. His series, *The Marriage*, was sort of an attempt to analyse the institution of marriage in a culture of high divorce; but what it was really about was offering the viewers the spectacle of a sanctimonious middle-aged man going along on the honeymoon of a randy Welsh couple.

The Visit is sort of about social issues — adoption, test-tube babies — but is most importantly a strong weepy yarn for the middle-market tabloid readers. Wilcox would say *Mirror* (where he began) but it is more *Mail*, the soap winning over the socials. Wilcox has already revealed in advance publicity that the series will conclude that he found less racism in the Met than he expected. This is the answer the middle-market wanted and will not harm the ratings.

"Well, I'm not buying something that's been tested on animals!"

Black In Blue is typical in other respects. Virtually the first voice-over promised an insight into "a real-life Police Academy". In fact, the only real connection between the documentaries and the movie is that they both have black people in them; but maybe Wilcox is trying to tell his viewers that this is fun. Perhaps soon Hollywood will promote films with the line: "A made-up Desmond Wilcox serial".

A special joy of any Wilcox series is the cutaways to himself. Perhaps there are even slightly more of them in this project, which is produced by his own company — Wilcox Bulmer — for the BBC. This piece of visual grammar is famously called a Noddy, because of the resemblance of the presenter doing them to Enid Blyton's little creation, but Wilcox is more Big Ears, large and ponderous.

The cutaways establish how deeply sincere he is. Regrettably, in the first episode of this series, he went for an unusually ambitious cutaway, in which, interviewing one young recruit in a break from repair work on her car, he leaned against the bodywork with his hand against the edge of the bonnet. That was fine, but Wilcox then used the interview to punctuate footage from several weeks of training. So specific was the set-up that the clear implication was that he had been leaning by the car for months.

A final complication is the shadow of publicity. Wilcox's public image is that of an arrogant grump, not a compassionate reporter, and this shifts the balance of his programmes. The truth is that he expected to be running the BBC — or at least a channel of it — by now, but his career is a rare case in the media world of downward mobility through marriage. He lost his chance of bureaucracy and has needed to reconstruct a profile career as a presenter and producer. It is particularly poignant that he should have done so in the field of the public service weepie shows of which Esther Rantzen is the mistress. Wilcox's shows are cunning — and, with the expansion of television, the market for them is unlikely to shrink — but you do sometimes pick up during them the feeling that he wished he was doing something else. This feeling spreads to the viewer.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

Movie magic for ½m

LONDON: Sky Television has broken the half a million mark for subscribers to its film channel. A total of 526,000 people have signed up for £2.29-a-week Sky Movies. The station estimates it is now received in 1,439,414 homes in Britain and Ireland. A spokesman said: "In terms of size we are about the same as an average ITV company."

"Newsflash" between WAITE ALIVE AND WELL *and* CARDINAL DIES AT LOURDES *– Today*

★LEO JULY 23 TO AUGUST 23

The clatter of cash comes your way and there's a fascinating link to satellite TV. As planet Mars staples extra steel into your self-confidence, someone who once turned you down suddenly finds you so attractive. The initial R is a clue to who.

MYSTIC MEG
News of the World

CONTRIBUTORS: A. Hughes, T. Pyke.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

WHAT's going wrong on Channel Four's midday show for people in suits, *Business Daily*?

Nervous Eurotunnel shareholders who tuned in at 12.30 on 8 May would have been relieved to hear that work on the Channel tunnel was rushing ahead at record speed. Speaking underground, Eurotunnel's technical director Colin Kirkland appeared to suggest that everything in the garden was rosy.

Business Daily's report overlooked one small matter: work on the tunnel was at a complete standstill as the Health and Safety Executive had ordered a shutdown some hours before the programme after the sixth workman had been killed in the UK section of the tunnel.

There was apparently no reference to this or the deaths during the *Business Daily* report, even though both had been mentioned at length on a number of news broadcasts. Strange that these facts were not felt relevant for a City audience...

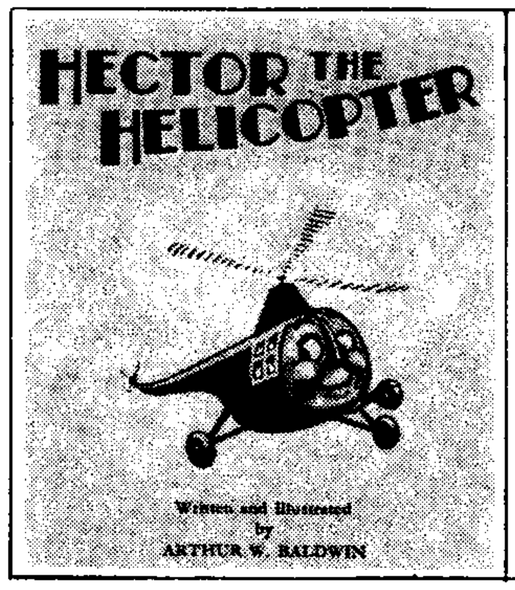
CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"HELLO, PAMELLA, HOW'S THINGS?"
"IT'S THE MORNINGS - I CAN'T EAT MY BREAKFAST, I FEEL NAUSEOUS AND I KEEP VOMITING"
BAH
"PREGNANT?"
"NO, I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO ANDREW NEIL!"
"Treble Coll is Browne's all round!"
LADIES
"THIS IS CROWN FM AND £4,000 A WEEK..."
Tape of me
KenPyne

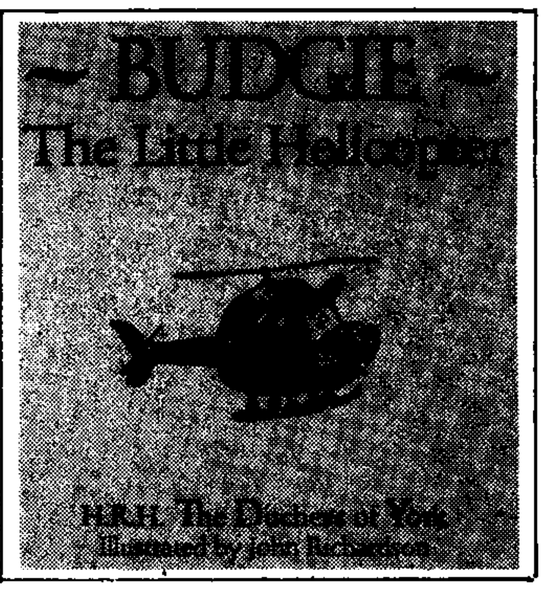
YET MORE upheavals at London's troubled commercial radio station LBC (see last *Eye*). Out goes head of programmes Philip "Greasy" Bacon, sacked by major shareholder David Haynes after 16 loyal if ineffective years of service. In comes Haynes's fellow Australian Charlie Cox, a lager-swilling bozo who has apparently done wonders for the ratings at Sydney station 2GB and has been imported at vast expense in the hope that he'll repeat the trick.

Cox's main contribution so far is to oversee a change in the station's name. Last autumn, the VHF channel was relaunched as "Crown FM". Now, for no discernible reason, it has been rechristened "LBC Newstalk". Cox's other idea is to introduce a "gossip column of the air", which he wants to be titled "Who's Up Who" (sic).

Much of Cox's time is at the moment spent teaching LBC's staff some Australian manners. Last week he invited the most attractive woman at the station to join him for a drink after work, but was horrified when she asked for a glass of white wine. "I don't buy wine," snarled the Paul Hogan lookalike. "You'll drink lager out of the bottle, like me." His Barrie Mackenzie-style adventures are chronicled in a daily bulletin called "Norman Trousersnake's Diary" which appears mysteriously in the computer every morning. ("Cripes, what a night. Woke at 6.43am in the downstairs dunny with a mouth like a possum's prepuce and my left shoe full of chicken madras.")

Meanwhile LBC staff have been told not to upset the station's new "star" presenter, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill. A "confidential memo" from on-high warns that any mention of a certain dusky former House of Commons researcher will be a disciplinary offence. And anyone caught scribbling anti-Neill graffiti in Crown House's lavatories will be subject to the same punishment.





ROYAL SPECIAL

LAST year Messrs Simon & Schuster published two rather uninspired children's books, *Budgie the Little Helicopter* and *Budgie at Bendick's Point*, with a threat of plenty more to follow in the same vein. The author, of course, was HRH the Duchess Fergiana.

An *Eye* reader has now drawn our attention to a children's book called *Hector the Helicopter*, written and illustrated by Arthur W. Baldwin, which was published by Dean & Son in 1964. Our reader wonders if these two helicopters could be, by any chance, related.

Allowing for the fact that Hector is a quarter of a century older than Fergie's whirlybird, there is certainly a strong physical resemblance (see illustrations). The two 'copters also seem to have remarkably similar adventures.

At the beginning of Arthur Baldwin's story, Hector is feeling "unwanted and forgotten" because he is left twiddling his thumbs in the hangar while all the planes with whom he shares the aerodrome are travelling to "exciting places".

Budgie at Bendick's Point opens with the little helicopter feeling dejected because he is left twiddling his thumbs while all the planes with whom he shares the aerodrome are appearing in an air show.

Hector falls asleep and has a "wonderful dream". So does Budgie. On waking, a bored Hector decides to go out for a spin. So does Budgie.

Hector cheers up. "In the distance he could see the sea shining and sparkling in the morning sunlight." Budgie, too, finds his coastal flight restorative: "Budgie cheered up. The sea was sparkling and the cold wind whipped his cheeks."

Then comes the exciting bit: Hector sees two men shipwrecked on a rock off the point. The tide is coming in fast, but Hector dashes to the rescue, lowering a rope. He returns to his aerodrome a hero. The other planes no longer look down their noses at him. They sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow".

Meanwhile, back in *Budgie at Bendick's Point*, Fergie's hero has also spotted two figures stranded on a rock — though they are boys rather than men. Budgie, too, rushes to the rescue and lowers his rope. The boys are airlifted to the shore, and Budgie returns home a hero. The other planes no longer look down their noses at him. They ask him to lead the fly-past.

And there the stories end. Hector is "very happy". Budgie, by contrast, "had never felt happier".

Cute, eh?

BRITISH Satellite Broadcasting's spirited new current affairs programme *First Edition* is presented by Selina Scott and a number of other hacks. One of these is Peter Smith, who has a background in the advertising business and no track record as a TV reporter.

FACT: Peter Smith is the son-in-law of Sir David English, editor of the *Daily Mail* and board director of Associated Newspapers, which owns the *Daily Mail*.

FACT: Associated Newspapers has a substantial stake in BSB.

HUNT NEWS

SOLICITOR Matthew Knight of the Tunbridge Wells-based firm of Cripps Harries Hall has tried to perpetrate another of his legal tryons, this time against Cambridge City Council.

Last month he wrote to the Council on behalf of several members of the Cambridgeshire Hunt with reference "to a number of incidents of trespass and nuisance which took place against our clients' interests on 10th March 1990". According to Knight's letter, a hunt meeting had been disrupted by hunt saboteurs driving a vehicle with the registration G417 NFL, which is kept by the council. Knight argued that the Cambridgeshire Hunt intended to sue for damages, injunctions and costs on the grounds of vicarious liability for third parties.

Fortunately Cambridge City Council was neither fooled nor intimidated. In reply to Cripps Harries Hall, the council's head of law and administration, Mrs Margaret Walker, pointed out that "you have offered no evidence that the torts you are alleging were committed during the course of the person's employment by the City Council and I can inform you that they were certainly not."

Having dismissed the claim as a private civil matter between the hunt and the council employee, the head of law expressed concern about how Cripps Harries Hall or its clients had obtained details of the registered keeper of the vehicle, since DVLC records are only accessible to the police and other enforcement agencies: "Whilst the issue of what happened on 10 March 1990 is no concern of my Council, this latter point clearly is and I would be pleased to hear from you on this as the Council may wish to take this further". Game, set and match.

POLICE 5

JUST *how* stupid is Brian Hilliard, editor of the weekly *Police Review*? The former Met uniformed inspector has always given the impression that he is no cleverer than your average Plod. Now even that is in doubt.

In the wake of Charlie Wilson's murder in Spain, Hilliard offered readers of the 4 May issue of his rag a "factual" account of the Great Train Robbery. It makes curious reading. During the robbers' trial, according to Hilliard, "John Daly and Wilfrid Fordham were discharged on submissions of insufficient evidence". This will be news to Fordham who, far from being in the dock, was in fact counsel for Ronnie Biggs.

Hilliard's source for his "factual" account is nothing less than a massive plundering of Piers Paul Read's book *The Train Robbers*. Unfortunately, Hilliard's lips became tired as he read the pages and he totally failed to grasp the point of the book.

Read tells his tale as the robbers — liars to a man — told it to him. In order to make the saga sexier, they claimed that the job was masterminded by former SS officer, Otto Skorzeny, and that his German organisation assisted the gang after they were jailed.

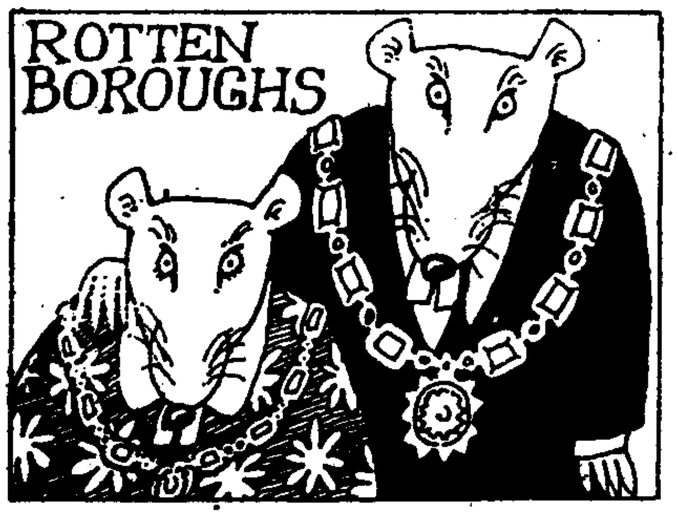
So Hilliard laboriously copied out Read's prose: Charlie Wilson did not escape from prison as we had all thought; he was "abducted from a high security cell" by the Germans who claimed he owed them money.

This tosh continued over three pages of *Police Review*. The Germans arranged plastic surgery for Buster Edwards and received £250,000 from Wilson — according to Hilliard.

Sadly, Hilliard finished his Horlicks and turned out the light before he reached page 300. Had he stayed awake he would have stumbled on Read's dramatic revelation that the "German" angle was false.

It may be no coincidence that the gullible Hilliard's other claim to fame is his lone championing of disgraced former Detective Superintendent Tony Lundy, the marathon runner who was too "sick" to attend his discipline tribunal 16 months ago and quit the Met with an enhanced medical pension.

Hilliard's hopeless grasp of fact will not, of course, deter the "quality" press and TV programmes who frequently quote him as a "respected" source on police affairs.



BIRMINGHAM

THE increasingly public shame of running one of Britain's most incompetent child-care services has finally pricked the thick skins of Birmingham's city council bosses. Last week social services chairman Ken Barton was kicked downstairs to the unprestigious general purposes committee.

The chair of social services goes to Majma Hafeez who has parliamentary ambitions and is no doubt anxious to avoid more scandal in the city's children's homes. But more scandals there are — in profusion.

At the Ipstones Avenue home for adolescent boys two social workers have been suspended. One is accused of using too much force to restrain a child, the other of using the office phone to make dates through a sex contact magazine. A senior officer who answered a call is said to have been made some interesting offers. The accused worker has told colleagues he was just playing a joke on a friend.

There are also allegations that some children at Ipstones have formed a shoplifting gang. These come partly from neighbours who have also expressed worries about the children's relationship with people living in a private house nearby. Several boys and girls have been found there after going missing from Ipstones and other children's homes.

Meanwhile at the infamous St John's home the inquiry following the suspension of deputy principal James Smith has been widened to include interviews with almost every resident in the secure unit. Questions are also being asked about the amazing staff turnover at the home. Almost every senior officer has either resigned or been quietly transferred in the last 18 months. Social workers' confidence in the place is so low they are refusing to refer children there. Only 25 of its 60 places are filled.

Senior officers also want an investigation into Uplands, a home outside the city near Bromsgrove. Its isolation means it gets relatively little scrutiny and some bizarre relationships are said to have formed between children and some staff.

The Uplands was previously the lair of Brian Gillam, the officer in charge, who had an affair with a girl who had been in his care and then made her a member of staff. He was recently sacked for a variety of misdemeanours.

It will take more than a new face at the top to stop the violence, intimidation and abuse that for so long have dominated the city's children's homes.

CITY council chief executive Roger Taylor, who led the internal inquiry into Birmingham's car pool scandal (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*)**, has been told he must repay more than £1,300 for using the city's chauffeur-driven limos and taxis.**

Following an inquiry by external auditors Price Waterhouse, the chief executive was subject to a complaint by local elector Hugh McCreedy, the man who exposed the car pool scam.

He alleged that Taylor had used council cars at the city's expense even though his salary included several thousand pounds' allowance for transport. The practice was widespread among dozens of senior officers and previous chief executives.

McCreedy lodged a formal complaint against Taylor with the auditors, asking them to hold a public inquiry. PW wrote to the city, who replied by claiming that Taylor had always planned to repay the money.

Coincidentally, it said, just after McCreedy's complaint Taylor had started making repayments. PW says its has to accept that and can take no further action.

McCreedy is not defeated though. He has taken out a series of summonses against the city council alleging that it has failed to make public full details of Taylor's salary as required under local government law. The case comes to court next month.

LEWISHAM

IT IS comforting to see some London boroughs have been spared the harsher ravages of the poll tax. South of the river in Lewisham, cash-happy councillors gaze lovingly at the sparkling new gift they have just presented themselves with — a new £12m town hall built next to the old one which they claim is essential for relocating cramped bureaucrats and housing the new poll tax unit.

Some cynics say a large proportion of Lewisham's community charge will go to pay for the new town hall. The council's Labour leaders have meanwhile been wondering what to do with the area between the two buildings.

Unfortunately, at the eleventh hour, a grand Ceausescu-styled monument was dropped. This would have resulted in the re-routing of the south circular and the demolition of 800 peasants' homes.

Instead Lewisham has decided to celebrate its new role as a local education authority, following the demise of ILEA, by spending £20,000 on commemorative mugs, emblazoned in yellow-and-blue with the legend "Lewisham Education April 1990". Why yellow-and-blue? Such are the colours of nearby Millwall Football Club whom Lewisham sponsors and who were recently relegated from the first division. Unfortunately, no such fate awaits Lewisham.

TOWER HAMLETS

EXPECT a few short rounds of fisticuffs between Labour Party press officer Gareth Smith in the red corner and Tower Hamlets Labour group leader Phil Maxwell in the redder corner following the recent local election coverage in the *East London Advertiser* **and** *Eye* **739.**

Smith blew a gasket when he read how Maxwell would refuse to prosecute poll tax refuseniks had Labour taken control of the council from the Liberals in early May. He contacted the *East London Advertiser* and branded Maxwell "a silly little berk", adding that Maxwell would probably "be removed" as leader if Labour won.

When he calmed down, Smith became worried. He rang back the paper and pleaded with the journalist not to run the story, claiming the conversation had "obviously" been off the record. More worryingly, he also threatened to contact the notorious "Press Council" should the story be published.

Alas, Smith's pleas were to no avail. The story ran and Maxwell is reportedly now scouring the dank alleyways of East London for the hapless Smith.

STAFFORDSHIRE

MORE sordid details about Staffordshire County Council's social services department have emerged following revelations in the last *Eye***.**

Councillors on the Labour-run authority's social services committee are being asked to explain why they have been allowing children in care to be subjected to brutal methods of control.

The tale of how one poor 12-year-old waif was on the receiving end of the council's now disgraced "pin-down" method of treatment has shocked the grim-faced potteries' folk. After reporting her father for alleged sexual abuse, two years before it became fashionable, the girl was locked away in the council's aptly-named Birches home in Newcastle-under-Lyme.

There she spent six weeks in a small room, was roughed up by one of her captors and let out only to go to the lavatory. With lights out at 7pm and reveille at 5am she had plenty of time to contemplate her offences.

Once she escaped and, wearing only a nightie, ran home barefoot in the snow for a mile before she was recaptured. Her father abused her again and she was made a ward of court.

Yet Staffordshire's director of social services, Barry O'Neill, claims the "pin-down" method is not repressive. Opposition Liberal Democrat councillors Alan Thomas and Christina Jebb are not convinced and are demanding a public inquiry at the next full council meeting.

Meanwhile much of the blame for instigating "pin-down" is falling on Staffs' social worker extraordinaire, Tony Latham, a former area officer. As outlined in *Eye* 741, council workers and members are just beginning to discover the full details of Latham's remarkable network of private welfare companies set up during the 1980s that included a day-centre for old folk and a private-hire taxi service to ferry the limb-weary pensioners there.

The companies, which operated under the name Fundwell, were not concerned with augmenting the Latham bank balance but were intended to pick up special government grants and provide desperately needed services for Staffordshire's welfare classes.

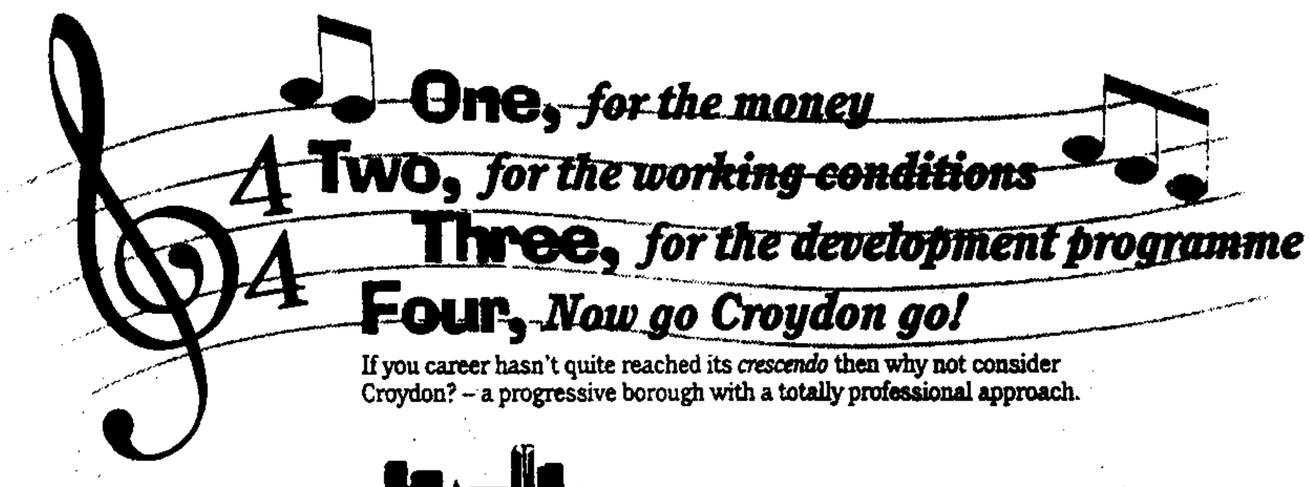
At first the operation was a huge success, but the companies ran into cash-flow problems. In 1988 councillors approved a £7,000 loan to Fundwell which, two years later, they wrote off, but only after handing over a further £70,000. During that time, Fundwell received nearly £400,000 from the MSC to set up its own Youth Training Scheme.

All Fundwell's companies have now been wound up apart from the skip-hire outlet, Quickskip. Latham, who still works for the council, is debt-ridden and recently negotiated a £48,000 bank loan secured on his house to settle outstanding debts. Unfortunately Latham's country retreat in rural Hanchurch is now surrounded by disused rubbish skips, courtesy of Quickskip.

Contributor: Andy Roberts.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

Social Workers


One, for the money
Two, for the working conditions
Three, for the development programme
Four, Now go Croydon go!
If you career hasn't quite reached its crescendo then why not consider Croydon? – a progressive borough with a totally professional approach.
CROYDON
It'll be music to your ears!

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

LIKE spongiform parrots, the mandarins of Whitehall Place are rushing round the country uttering the manic cry: "Beef is safe, beef is safe." Yet they've failed to check out the main source of all rural lunacy — the tally-ho brigade.

Old Muck can reveal that the main entry point for diseased and weevily meat into the food chain is none other than that well-known seat of pastoral yobbery, the hunt kennels. As every livestock farmer will testify, the local master of hounds is a well-known scrounger of all that is putrid.

Across the Channel, whenever a sheep dies of prolapse or a calf succumbs to pneumonia, the carcass is buried in a pit or chucked in a ravine. In Britain, farmers ring up the hunt kennel. The carcass then gets thrown in a corner of the yard for the maggots to work on until the master's lackey turns up to collect it.

Back at the kennels any meat the blowflies have left gets cut off and fed to the hounds along with BSE, gangrene, salmonella and all the other nasties the Min of Agrochemicals and Factory Farming wants to keep out of the headlines.

Apparently, there's no need to worry about the hounds becoming spongiform and behaving like rottweilers. As the crusading John Seldom Glummer is fond of reminding us, dogs, being carnivores, are immune from all disease. It's only those creatures who eat grass and lettuce leaves who get ill.

Once the kennel staff have cut off all the meat, they chuck the bones in a skip. There they sit putrefying until they're carted off to be rendered down into meat and bone meal. And that, of course, is fed to cattle and thus returned to the human food chain along with all its lurking beasties.

How such an obvious threat to human health can be ignored by the self-proclaimed guardians of the public good is too much for Old Muck's fast-diminishing brain tissue. One can only assume that those in the Quorn and South Oxfordshire fall outside the scope of public health legislation as it applies to normal people.

SINCE THE beef crisis began that obscure quango the Meat and Livestock Commission has stoutly set itself up as the voice of reason in the face of scurrilous fear-mongering in the tabloids. Listen to us, say its members, we'll give you the undistorted truth about mad cow disease. And the truth is there's nothing to worry about.

One might even start to believe the commission is interested in the public good until one looks at some of its other campaigns — like the battle to "save British mince". Doing a bit of fear-mongering of its own, the meat peddlars of Milton Keynes are putting it about that dad's favourite shepherd's pie is being threatened by the killjoy bureaucrats of Brussels.

So what's the wicked Common Market up to this time? Well, for a start it wants to stop butchers using beef that's been stuck in a cold store for about three months. It's insisting they use fresh instead of frozen meat and it wants them to use only decent cuts — not the worst parts of the carcass.

And for that the MLC would have us believe Brussels is public enemy number one...

Sporting Life

THE BUILD-UP to Epsom and Royal Ascot, racing's two big top hat occasions, has been given added piquancy by the news that the headmaster of Eton has decreed that his young charges will be allowed out in ordinary clothes and will not have to wear top hat or tail coat to McDonalds.

The big question is whether racing's rulers will follow suit, given that an Etonian education, preferably of limited academic achievement, is standard wear for most Jockey Club members.

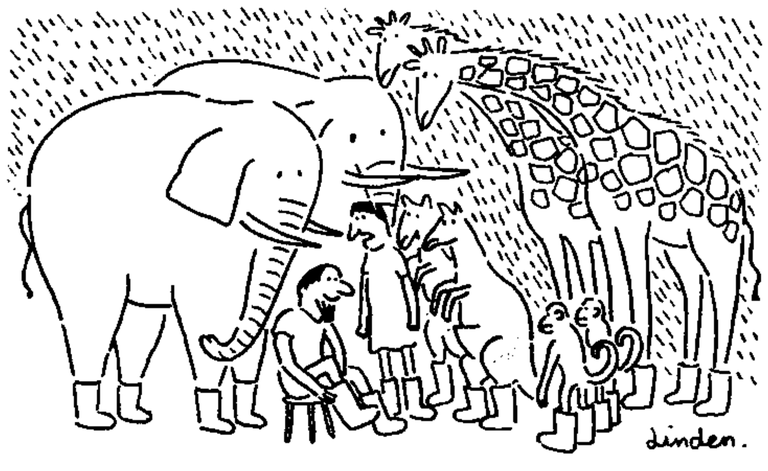
The Ascot Authority, which takes these things more seriously than Epsom, is most unlikely to modify its dress code. Members apparently see in the Eton decision the same dire portents of class decline predicted by Lord Hailsham and other august and mostly senile ex-pupils. Even if a properly dressed racegoer gets rumbled on the train and has his hat, trousers and wallet thrown out of the window between Clapham Junction and Virginia Water, the authority will still refuse to give way.

Close relations of Ascot's clerk of the course, the Hon Nicky Beaumont, protest that the poor fellow was unfairly lampooned in this column over the great January jeans debacle. The hapless Nick, they say, is but a hired official on a modest stipend, answerable to an assortment of lofty superiors, notably the gloomily severe Sir Piers Bengough, presumably a major shareholder in Moss Bros.

The racing press doesn't have to wear tails at either Epsom or Ascot, but some hacks are compelled to do so by ingratiating editors such as the *Sporting Life*'s Monty Court (*Eyes passim*). Other hacks wear their finery to the manner born. Even on the tattiest occasions the BBC's Julian Wilson seems so thoroughly formal you imagine he must wear a dinner jacket at breakfast. At Ascot he cuts the sort of eminently presentable figure Sir Piers most admires — except when he quivers with excitement as the delicious Miriam Francome or the ample Eve Pollard give their clichéd fashion commentary: "Phew, what a scorcher! Brims are in, the polka dots are looking *sooper* and the brave girls are battling through" etc.

No racing hack ever shot a more elegant cuff than the splendid Charles Benson, briefly seconded to the BBC's Ascot team to give a low down on the day's main betting moves, an area otherwise almost completely ignored by Aunty. Sadly for style lovers, it seems Benson's assured delivery offended some harpie with a productiwon role, who objected that he had too "elitist" an image. Wislon and Jimmy Lindley will presumably then appear in boiler suits and Doc Martens at this year's royal extravaganza.

'Major Bonkers'



"Somehow, Noah, I don't think it will be enough"

Letters

Private Eye

Lynam

Sirs,

Lynam-Up Straight

As Solicitors for Desmond Lynam we take great exception to the Business News item (16 March) concerning him.

The statement that he recently arranged his business affairs "with the help of limited liability law which allows former directors of companies which go bust to open up for business again while creditors sing in vain for their money" inferring that Desmond cheated is both totally misleading and legally inaccurate. It is the shareholding members of a company who enjoy limited liability protection and Desmond never was a shareholder of either CPR Limited or CPR Sponsorship Limited. He was simply a non-executive director who took no part in the control or management of either company.

Desmond resigned his ten years directorship of the wide-ranging public relations company CPR in April 1989 some seven months before it ceased trading and accepted a similar non-executive directorship in CPR Sponsorship when it was formed in April 1989 to handle purely sports sponsorship. In February this year CPR Sponsorship was taken over by a substantial reputable company group whose Board required the change of name to Lynam Creasy Sponsorship and invited them to take up some shares.

Before coming involved with any of these companies Desmond cleared his position with the BBC to ensure no conflict of interest.

It was therefore entirely wrong for Private Eye to have scurrilously accused Desmond of business malpractice and to have assumed the role of judge and jury by raising the harmful innuendo of fraud upon creditors. Private Eye should establish and stick to the facts not resort to speculative slur on the good name of a popular and well-respected public figure.

The damage caused Desmond was accentuated by the offending article appearing in juxtaposition to an article on the notorious Barlow Clowes fraud.

There is no doubt that you owe Desmond an unqualified apology.

Yours faithfully,
CAPEL CURE PEACHEY &
BATES SOLICITORS,

Brighton.

Hallow and goodbye

Sir,

I appreciate you are not in the habit of permitting reputed "crooks" to respond to allegations in your hallowed pages, however, I thought it common practice, even in the area of investigative journalism, to give the candidate for sacrifice an opportunity to at least mutter a prayer in response. Your obituary on my Civil Service career (Eye 741 "Security News") is materially inaccurate and unfair. I was given no effective opportunity to respond to the scurrilous allegations which you repeated and which for the record, I deny.

When I resigned from the Commonwealth Secretariat it was agreed that the concerns that either side might entertain about the other would be left to rest. Despite an internal investigation the Secretariat has not been able to identify those members of its staff, who for personal reasons have maliciously leaked documents, some duly fabricated for the purpose, to the world at large. It is sad that the haemorrhage of invective that has been allowed to escape from Marlborough House, since I left, has placed yet another question mark against the good reputation of the Secretariat.

I would that your allegations against me were true, then presumably as a successful fraudster I would have the money to sue you.

Yours sincerely,
BARRY RIDER,

Cambridge.

PAC man

Sir,

In your HP Sauce column (Eye 740) you seem to assume that 300,000, or more, "South African" voters will automatically vote Conservative in Britain. It ain't necessarily so.

The PAC now appears to hold greater attraction for the majority of the black population than does the more moderate ANC. "PAC for victory. No compromise. One settler, one bullet" is just one slogan seen recently on a wall in Langa.

Therefore, my wife and I may very well vote Labour. When we and our children (and thousands more) scurry back to dear old Mother England, alive but destitute, Labour's caring policies might set us up again quite nicely, thank you.

Yours, when the bullets fly,
TOM WHITLOCK,
Randburg, South Africa.

Log jam

Sir,

Reading Street of Shame (Eye 740) about the Mail on Sunday's gift to Narindra Sethia of £263,000 after the Conqueror logbook scoop, your readers might be interested to hear the sequel.

Seth is a keen yachtsman and bought himself a yacht to go cruising in the West Indies. The yacht's name is Sail on Monday...

Yours faithfully,
GEOFF PACK
Assistant Editor, Yachting Monthly.

Colossal "Try-On"

Sir,

BIH v. Private Eye

Further to our recent telephone conversation with your secretary, we understand that this case has now been settled out of court. Please will you confirm this in writing.

As a result of your client's Writ of Subpoena, served on 14 March 1990, our client has been put to considerable expense and wasted time. The legal fees incurred by our client in this matter, including those of Counsel, are in excess of £1,600 exclusive of VAT. Please arrange with your client for a cheque, payable to "Shell Aircraft Limited" for this sum plus VAT to be sent to this office as soon as possible. [NO, ED.] We shall be pleased to provide a breakdown of the above legal fees on request.

Yours faithfully,
R.W.M. PALMER,
Legal Adviser, Shell International Petroleum Company Limited, London, SE1.

Balls

Sir,

Re: "Scargill in Cairo", Business News (Eye 741)

I happened to come across the IMO party whilst working in Cairo and can assure you there was nothing secretive about Arthur's beano which was hosted, and well-advertised, by the Sonesta in Nasr City. I assume the Brit authorities knew nothing about it as our embassy in Garden City is notoriously useless.

Indeed, anyone dining in the Sonesta's "Green Room" could not help but notice Arthur & Co, whose high-decibel Yorkshire braying drove my girlfriend and I out of the restaurant before the "Kofta" arrived.

Yours,
RICHARD TRENGOVE,
London, SE19.

Salad Days

Sir,

Your illustrator's unfamiliarity with Asian vegetables has unfortunately led him to obscure the point of the lead "True Story" in Eye 740. The Japanese radish is not the small round red object familiar to Westerners, as shown in his drawing, but its long thin greenish-white cousin. The implication is therefore the replacement of a phallic symbol with a vaginal one, contrasting the female leadership of the Socialist Party with the senile group of males who dominate the ruling Liberal Democrats (who are, in the best tradition of political language, neither liberal nor democratic).

While on the subject of sexuality, those correspondents who have lambasted the anti-AIDS advertisements at the front of recent issues as an encouragement to promiscuity would do better to turn their ire on the advertisements in your organ's backside which offer "singles" (ie whoring) holidays in Thailand and the Philippines. It is true that poverty drives many of the (undeniably attractive and charming) young women of these beautiful countries into prostitution, but that does not mean you should encourage this practice, particularly in view of the current alarming spread of AIDS resulting in part from it.

Yours faithfully,
ROD PARKES,
Hongkong.

Powerful

Sir,

My professional and personal interest in energy extends to taking an interest in facts — an interest lacking in Stewart Boyle, despite his grand title and long involvement with "green" energy matters. I also do my own digging, unlike the journalists who over the years have been swallowed the pap fed them by Friends of the Earth and other pressure groups. Those pressure groups are far better at disseminating propaganda than British Gas, which is still too close to its bumbling Gas Board origins to make use of the opportunity afforded it by the greenhouse effect. The only excuses for the errors and misinformation in Boyle's letter (Eye 739) and in the original anonymous article (Eye 738) — are ignorance, sour grapes, or both.

If we are truly worried about climatic change we should be making all haste to reduce the burning of oil and coal to generate electricity. The obvious alternatives are gas and nuclear — but nuclear has its own well-publicised problems. The other alternatives beloved to greens — solar, wind, tidal barrages and biomass — simply can't do the job of powering a world of five billion souls, the impoverished majority of whom would love to have the chance to live as well as Stewart Boyle, yourself, and, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
PATRICK HEREN,
London, NW3.

No picnic

Sir,

Alasdair Beal should look at Romania instead of blaming the starvation of Vietnam on the war or America's refusal to pay reparations.

From 1947 to 1989 Romania had 42 years of peace, socialism, central planning and collective farming under Gheorghiu-Dej and Ceausescu. In the 1970s, Romania also borrowed $13 billion from the West and was conceded most favoured Nation Trading Status by the USA right up until 1988. It did not prevent Romanians from having the lowest standard of living in the Warsaw Pact nor from AIDS, hypothermia or malnutrition. Although Ceausescu was treated more generously than any other Warsaw Pact dictator, he refused to introduce any reforms. Western money was spent on heavy industry, bulldozing villages and Ceausescu's Swiss bank account.

Suppose in 1956 that President Eisenhower had decided to allow elections to go ahead in South Vietnam: Obviously, Ho Chi Minh would have won them, but what would have prevented him from behaving like another Ceausescu? After all, when the Romanian dictator was re-elected General Secretary of the Communist Party at the 14th Congress last November, the Vietnamese sent him a very sincere message of congratulations. And they were most put out by his overthrow and execution.

Yours etc,
T.B.L. CARTER,
Somerton, Somerset.

Lookalike

Benjamin Britten

Sid James

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed that, in addition to their cultural affinities, Sidney James and Benjamin Britten bore a distinct resemblance? Could it be that they were possibly related?

ADRIAN E.W. SMITH,
Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

Cannon fodder

Sir,

It was very astute of Mr Murad to spot the connection between the Turkish gun and a piece of tubing (Eye 741). In fact, the gun is not really a gun at all, but a little known implement made by "Ye Handye Gardyn Toole Companye, Forge-Masters to the Nobility, Sheffield". It was used for making fine quality mulch out of infidels, and was referred to in gardening circles as The Mad Mullah's Mulcher. It was shipped to Constantinople in 1452 by bullock cart, to assist in vegetable production. It is believed that the bullock cart driver is still in prison awaiting trial, having had his head removed for safe keeping. The current whereabouts of the Mulcher are not known, although parts of it are thought to be in Libya, being used in secret experiments to grow radishes all year round. The rest of the Mulcher is on view at Fort Nelson, a Royal Armouries backed secret vegetable research establishment in Hampshire.

Sincerely,
M. PEGLER,
Senior Curator, Dept of Firearms, Royal Armouries, Tower of London.

I-SPY *White House, Washington*

Submitted by T.P. Noble. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Views from nowhere

Sir,

Robert Leach, Editor of the Guildford Diocesan Herald, fudges the issue of church conservation in his letter in the last Eye. The Church of England, through its General Synod, has undertaken to care for its historic religious buildings in return for exemption from the provisions of the Ancient Monuments legislation to which the owners of secular buildings are subject; in short, it has a privileged position vis à vis the law that most property developers would like to share. The question therefore is not whether the church is or is not "an ancient monument preservation society", but whether it is keeping its side of the bargain. Piloti is only one of many people who think that it is not, and that the ecclesiastical exemption ought to be abolished. It has been estimated that over the whole country parishes do not bother to apply for "the special permission for even minor changes" in some 50 percent of the cases where it is required, while dioceses have been known to find it more convenient to let an important building rot rather than get involved in the "elaborate procedure" needed to close it officially. Mr Leach should do some investigating before writing again. I suggest that he starts with the cases of St Alban's church, Teddington, and the royal arms from Barton upon Humber, Lincolnshire.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM MORRIS,
Ashtead, Surrey.

Clap trap

Sir,

While applauding your organ's recent stance on the publication on the controversial AIDS double-page spreads, I do find the continuous pleas for casual sex and polygamous relationships in your "EYE LOVE" section a rather hypocritical aberration on your part. Surely by promoting extra-marital activities you are putting at risk the innocent husbands and wives of the friskier members of our community. By prostituting yourself like this, are you not simply delving to the depths of the gutter press (whom you malign most frequently)? As a 17 year old student, I do not wish to live in a world where sex is treated as a purchasable necessity. Even if you refuse to print this, I would urge you to rethink your policy on this section of the magazine.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL MATHEWS,
Watford, Herts.

Ring of Truth?

Sir,

Cardinal Tomas O'Fiach was murdered in France by agents of MI5, clearing the way for the appointment of the prominent British supporter Bishop Cathal Daly of Belfast, to the influential position of spokesman for the Ulster Catholics.

Heart congesting drug (curare) was added to O'Fiach's food. This drug enters the bloodstream and is untraceable (see the Markov murder).

Yours faithfully,
NAME & ADDRESS SUPPLIED.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"We've already hunted the grey whale into extinction twice."
ANDREA ARNOLD, ITV
(Anon)

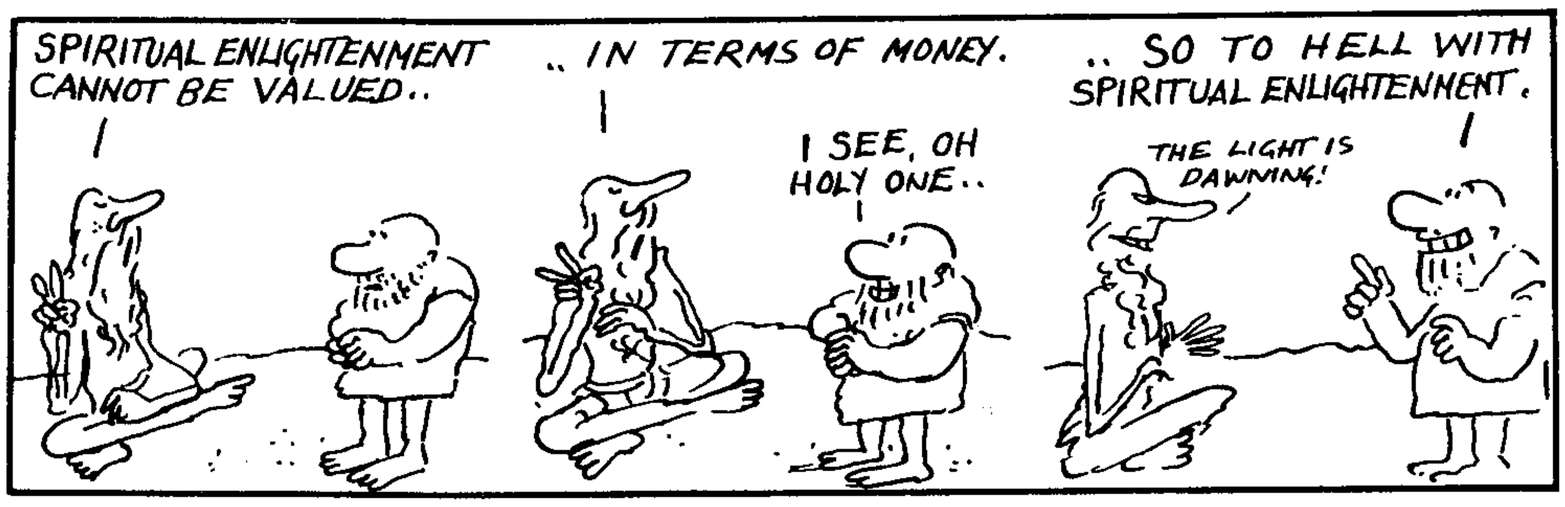
"... and Brian Clough, looking suitably chaste..."
ALAN PARRY, ITV
(Jonathan Hopkin)

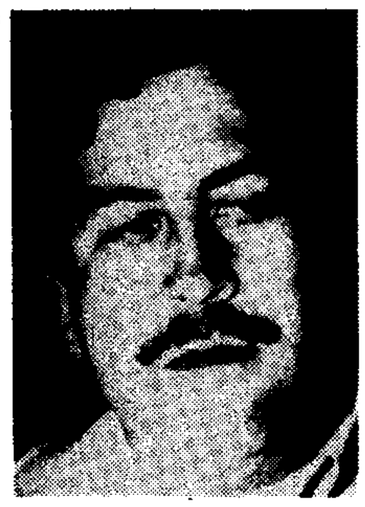
"I will never forget the '81 — or was it '82? — honours list."
JULIAN CRITCHLEY MP, Radio 4
(Dave Mawhinney)

"It's a football stadium in the truest sense of the word."
JOHN MOTSON, BBC
(A.D. Phillips)

"If I hadn't already won three Nationals, I'd think I was fated never to win it."
TIM FORSTER, Times
(J. Barker)

HOM SAP BY DAVID AUSTIN


SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT CANNOT BE VALUED..
.. IN TERMS OF MONEY.
I SEE, OH HOLY ONE..
.. SO TO HELL WITH SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT.
THE LIGHT IS DAWNING!



Letter from **Bogota**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE assassination of three presidential candidates in little more than eight months has convinced most Colombians that Sunday's poll will be won by anyone left standing. The fact that this might be Regina II, a sort of Garcia Marquez witch character and our equivalent of Screaming Lord Sutch — legend has it that she has survived at least three election campaigns — is of little concern to most Colombians. She could hardly do any worse than the other clowns.

In fact it may be the voters who need Regina's life preserving potions as much as the candidates. With indiscriminate car bomb attacks now making Bogota more like Beirut by the day, fewer than ever are expected to risk the trip to the polling booth. One recent survey suggested turnout maybe as low as 30 percent.

The man responsible for the trouble — if one can believe anything the police here say — is Medellin cocaine cartel chief Pablo Escobar. A former hired gun who began in the peculiarly appropriate business of recycling stolen gravestones, an unparalleled ruthlessness, extreme good luck and a business acumen that would, under other circumstances, have won him several Queens' Awards for Industry, have made Escobar the world's richest criminal.

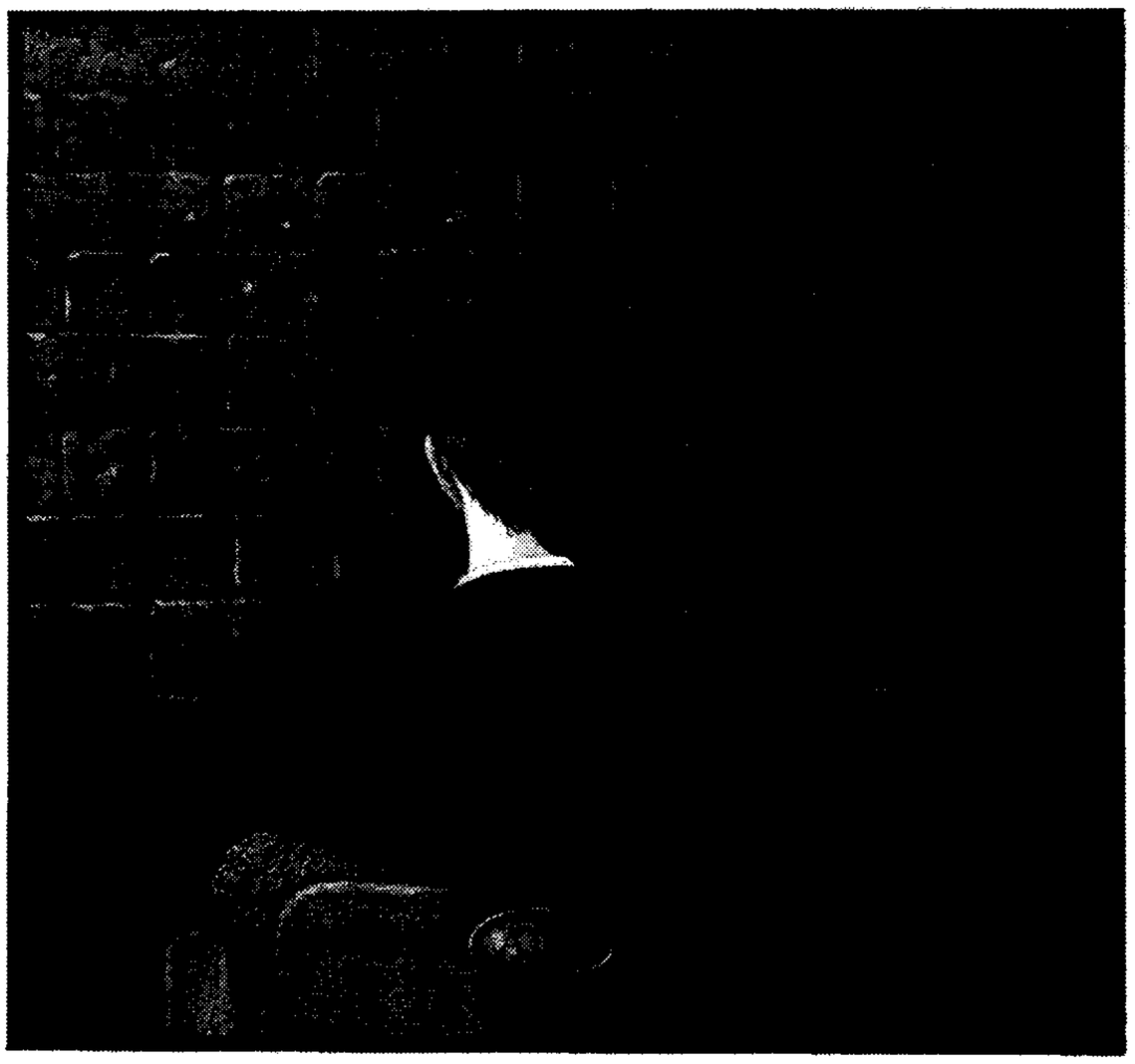
Yet the eight-storey marble apartment with the solid gold taps, secret escape tunnels and expanding collection of vintage cars has had to be abandoned in recent months as Latin America's most successful businessman has had to go on the run with a US$500,000 price tag on his head.

The government wants him for the one-man war he seems to be waging on the military and presidential candidates; Washington, for coke crimes for which he has already been found guilty; while the public want to take him up on his offer to pay off the US$18bn national debt in exchange for the right to bribe a few justices to find him not guilty here in Colombia.

The hunt has become an intense embarrassment for the men from the Pentagon, desperately trying to establish the new cocaine war as an acceptable alternative to their Central American fiasco of the 1980s in a last ditch effort to protect their padded budgets. Even by their own admission Escobar is managing to elude them totally, wage a successful war against the police and military and somehow still find time to continue directing up to 90 percent of his normal cocaine shipments to the US and Europe.

The greatest success Uncle Sam can hope for is the emergence of the trade in neighbouring states as traffickers are pushed out of Colombia. The Brits meanwhile have been called up to lend support with SAS training for the beleaguered anti-Escobar "elite force". And it has all proved a bit much for the embassy, whose main claim to fame to date has been to be the only diplomatic outpost to need to overprint HM letterhead with a standard condolence letter. Britain's man in Bogota has had to spend most of his time denying local press reports that there are British mercenaries on both sides winning assorted decorations from the Queen for their services in bumping off Colombians.

Where all this leaves the likely poll winner, a 42-year old flagrantly gay Liberal Party economist going by the name of Cesar Gaviria, is unclear. Infinitely blackmailable and somewhat disinclined to see the country wallow in any more blood, the rumour is that Escobar has bought him cheap and will be calling in the chips after August when he is due to take power — if he's allowed to live that long. The judicious replacement of few zealous police and military chiefs should be enough. It'll be all over by Christmas, we hope.



CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

INVITED to meet the Queen and to consume a Royal Lunch at the launching of this year's Glasgow Festival, the city's Members of Parliament and several Ministers of Culture from major European states were kept waiting in the Queen's queue for 30 minutes and then sent home without being presented or given anything to eat. A spokesman for the MPs said: "Only businessmen got in." The launch continued with a Gala Evening at the Theatre Royal, where Mr Jeremy Isaacs was given a seat in the back row of the upper balcony, and the Arts Editor of *The Scotsman*, Mr Alan Wright, was given seat A27, which faces a wall and is normally reserved for the blind.

"MY CLIENT, Stephen O'Halloran," said Mr S. Pope, "was in love. Wishing to impress Miss Lesley Pook, the young woman in question, Stephen bought a Bargain Bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken and carried it to a spot in the garden below her window. However, Miss Pook was sound asleep and, as Stephen's efforts to awaken her came to nothing, he picked up a clothes prop, slung the fried chicken around his neck, and attempted to vault onto the sill of Miss Pook's window. But, although he rose through the air to the correct height, he missed the sill and struck the brickwork to its left. Miss Pook's neighbour called the police, and Stephen was found in a dazed state wandering around the garden. He has never been in trouble before, is unemployed, and has just finished a course in scuba-diving."

DURING his explanation, Leading Father Wegebe Tema of the Winneba Church of Christ Our Lord, Afalo, Ghana, said: "I could not bring myself to abandon my people openly, so I asked my wife, Madame Looue, to announce my death and to say that I would be buried privately in my garden.

"But the people would not have it. So my wife bought a coffin which was carried by my father and my three brothers to the cemetery, followed by several hundred people firing muskets and wailing uncontrollably. But as the coffin was being lowered into the grave my father fainted, and, in falling, the coffin was shown to be full of bananas. As soon as I heard the news I decided to return and to explain that God had ordered me to go on a secret mission to Miami."

THE WICCANS, a subsection of Lancaster University's Occult Society, have issued a statement saying there is no truth whatsoever in the suggestion, published by *SCAN*, the student newspaper, that Miss Viviane Crowley and the Wiccans were sending telepathic messages of an ecological kind to Margaret Thatcher. In addition, the editor of *SCAN* apologised for spelling Miss Crowley's name wrong five times.

A YOUTH was charged with stealing two condoms, a court heard yesterday. And a girl was charged with receiving them.

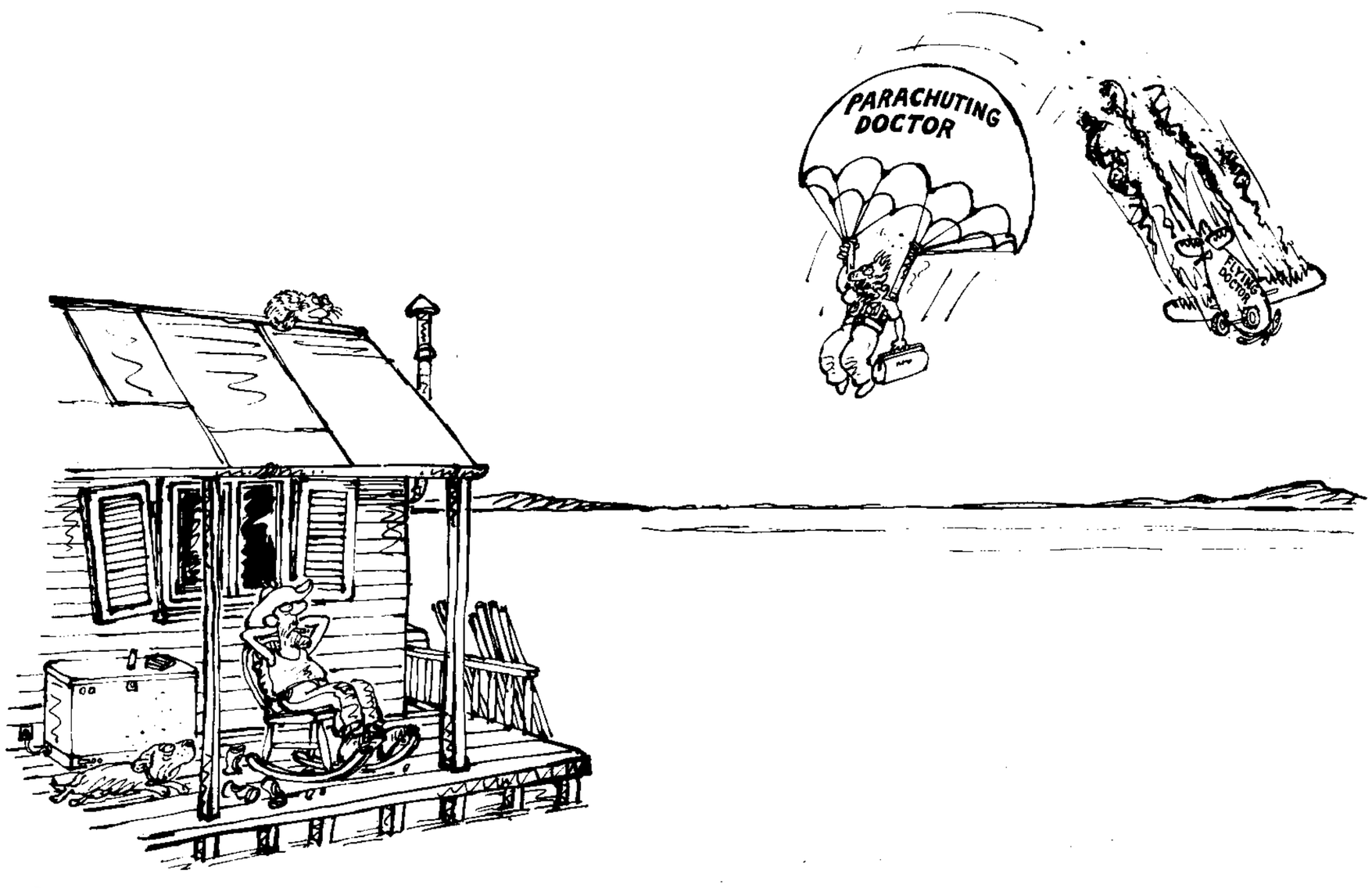
19-year-old Richie Gilligan, of Oliver Bond Flats, Dublin, was charged with stealing the Durex condoms valued 50p from an unattended car last weekend.

At the same court, Natasha O'Keefe, 18, of Oliver Bond House, was charged with receiving the condoms.

Gilligan and O'Keefe were remanded to appear on November 6 by District Justice Hussey.

INFORMATION: Glasgow Herald 3.3.90; West Lancashire Evening Gazette 17.3.90; Ghana Chronicle 4.4.90; SCAN 26.4.90;

MONITORS: Simon Forrest, P.H. Vann, Anon, Tim Field, Reg Finn.



POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
Lines on the death of
Sammy Davis Jr.

So farewell then
Sammy Davis Jr.

Mr Wonderful they
Called you.

But who was
Sammy Davis Sr?

That is the
Really interesting
Question.

E.J. Thribb Jr (17¾)

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Did you get Maurice's prospectus? It seems to me to make pretty good sense. If you take a dekko at the Market Profiles on pp. 5-7 you'll see that, following the relaxation of the Race Laws, we anticipate a Soweto-led boom in consumer durables, especially lawnmowers and strimmers, and Maurice feels, very reasonably, I think, that we should be in there selling. For once the old boy got his act together, and the brochures for Pik SA (Soweto) plc were in place on the hall table when De Klerk and his lady blew in for a barbecue on Sunday.

Bell and Ingham fortunately admitted they weren't all that clued up on God's Own Country and, knowing my extensive business interests in the Cape, very decently allowed me and Picarda to have a say in the guest list. Based on Maurice's big initiative, we plumped for a very nice little man who runs Rio Tinto Zinc, some old chummoes from Burmah days, B.P and I.C.I., all of whom, I need hardly say, saw the logic in Maurice's argument and went for it like a bull up a drainpipe. Two safe reptiles were allowed out of their tank for the day: the little johnny with the toupee who edits the Daily Mail and a very sound man from the Sunday Telegraph who created a bit of an incident with one of the waitresses after I'd refilled his glass once too often.

De Klerk himself seems nice enough, if a bit too far to the Left for my liking. I can see why P.W.B. tore up his membership card after seeing his life's work entirely buggered up by the new M.D. However, if it means more Krugerrands dropping in the hat every time we shake the tree, I suppose we must put up with it. Mrs van der K. rang just before he arrived, blind with hysteria at the idea of the Boss and me sitting down at table with the Great Satan, and I can see that if you live there, the prospect of having Mrs Mandela living next door and playing her ghetto blaster into the small hours must give one pause.

On a lighter note, I enjoyed your joke about Mad Cow Disease, though it is not entirely original. Some old boy in the Club asked me a few weeks ago if my nearest and dearest had been exposed to infection. However, now that it's a full-blown Edwina Currie number, the Boy Gummer has been cutting a very comic figure in an attempt to cling on to the NFU vote. The sight of Gummer cramming a hamburger into his little mite's mouth as the cameras whirred cannot have done much to restore confidence in our national dish. You probably remember that Headman who ran the Native Canteen for Prosser Cluff who was convinced the Labour were trying to poison him with his own corned beef and kept a food taster. Prosser Cluff was very amused by the expression on his face as he watched the taster the day they finally got him.

I bumped into that little greaser from the wireless, David Jacobs, coming in the other morning for another "session" with Margaret. Bell has decreed that she can only recapture the electoral high ground with a softer, more caring remix of her old brand image, and this involves her reading lavatory paper commercials into a tape recorder once a week while the erstwhile maestro of Any Questions? suggests soothing improvements.

After some fairly hairy moments in the wind tunnel, the new prototype was tested on Woman's Hour, where the Boss was questioned by one of the Militant Lesbo's about the role of the working mother. I had some trouble keeping a straight face, I must admit, as I sat behind the glass with all the other Lesbo's knitting their CND T Shirts. "Whatever you do," M. simpered, on a note that made the little dials in the control room quiver something horrible, "try to set aside one afternoon a week for the sake of your little one. It makes so much difference to their sense of being <u>loved</u> — do you know what I mean? — and <u>important</u> to their Mum!" When I recalled the Boy Mark at the age of four already programmed to transfer his own frozen supper from the deep freeze to the microwave I had to allow myself a wry smile.

All this activity on the image front is designed to counteract the Smellysocks' Summer Campaign. According to our Fashion Correspondent (Tarzan) who got a leaked copy in advance, this will be the New Arthur Scargill Look, though in fact, according to Boris who knows what he's talking about and isn't trying to terrify everyone into voting for him, it's all middle of the road stuff, Margaret's old ideas retailored "with a human face". Stand by for the Dirty Tricks Brigade. Benn is already in the cellars at Tory Party Central Office being injected with the Truth Drug prior to being released into the community to wreak his terrible revenge on poor Pillock. A propos, how can Ginger Nuts put up with that awful Glenys?

Have you seen this Wooster thing on the TV? It's good to have a series about real people for a change.

Yours bullishly,

Denis

75 years of St Cakes

Britain's most famous public school celebrates 75 years of continued prominence as a breeding ground for the Establishment.

by Old Cakeian

Philip Howard

WHAT is it about an Old Cakes man that sets him apart from ordinary mortals? Is it more than the famous burgundy-and-claret tie? Is it merely the sense of effortless superiority that enables an Old Cakeian to dominate any gathering with his wit, his savoir faire and his wide range of light bulb jokes (How many Old Cakeians does it take to change a light bulb? — for answer, see that other famous O.C., Ned Twinky, in his popular column in *The Times* last Saturday.)

To penetrate these and other mysteries about the school that produced Michael Fish and Sir Bufton Tufton, I retraced my steps to the famous ivy-clad Habgood Quad where generations of Cakeians have performed the ritual of Strimmers every April 24th. I spoke to the current headmaster, Mr Ramprakash Fotherington-Smythe, who gave me sherry in his video-lined study.

"Nothing has changed and yet everything has changed," the headmaster told me, as he gestured out of the window towards the new Jeffrey Archer Creative Writing Unit in its high-tech aluminium portakabin designed by architect Norman Foster O.C.

"That's where the chapel used to stand in your day," he said, presenting me with a covenant form for the rebuilding of the Chapel as a Multi-Faith Worship, Arts and Refectory complex.

"We hope it'll be a nice caff with a rather good altar attached," he quipped, with a reference to the award-winning ad designed by Maurice Saatchi O.C. for the V and A. "We're hoping to get Stephen Fry O.C. to come and open it next year."

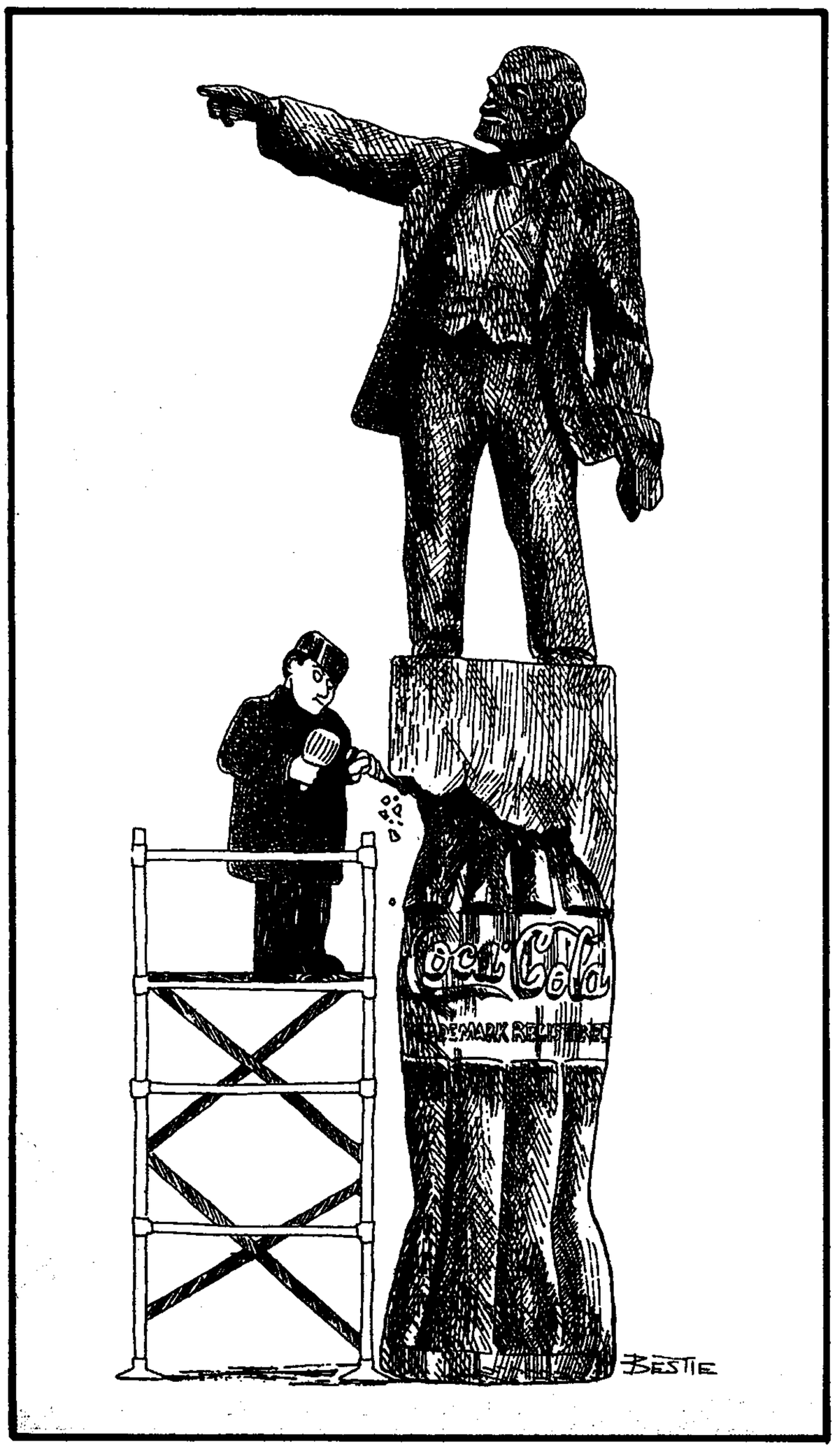
Later, I wandered round some of the familiar old haunts where all those years ago the young Howard learned the rules of life by "sporting his Kipling" as a first-year "slug".

There was the "Tucker" where old Mrs Tugendhat used to dispense her liquorice eclairs and sherbet at a halfpenny a pint. There was the Founder's Statue, which we used to crown with a "potty" every Starkers. Poor old Sir Jacob Rothschild, the pigeons have not been kind to him over the years!

And there, bicycling down Hastings' Piece, his tattered gown flapping behind him, was the bent figure of Frank Muir, the English Master, whom we cruelly nicknamed "Denis Norden", after another old alumnus.

I turned the corner by the Bursar's Flagpole, with its familiar swastika flag still hanging limply in the breeze, to hear the chimes of "Old Tom", the school clock erected centuries ago in 1925 in memory of a former headmaster, Tommy Driberg, who alas was asked to leave after only two terms following an incident involving the entire crew of the Soviet battleship Potemkin, whom he had invited to visit the school on a goodwill mission.

Happy days! Et in arcakeia ego vixi, as the poet put it!



Famous Old Cakeians

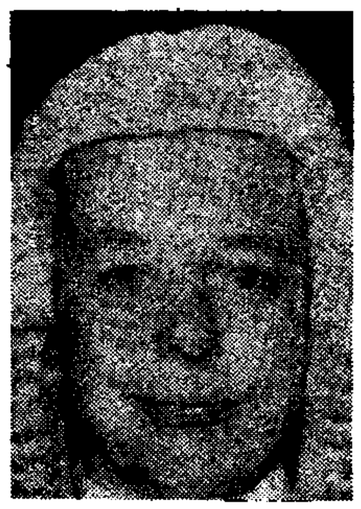
For generations Old Cakeians have risen to prominent positions in every walk of British life. Here are just some of them.

A.J.B. Crumble. The Midlands Regional Manager of the Sunderland Providential Building Society.

V.L.Q. Barcode-Vodaphone. Deputy Leader of Conservative Group on Bainbridge District Council.

Maj. Gen. Harcourt Brace. Royal Army Pay Corps Divisional Inter-Services Clay Pigeon Shooting Bronze Medallist, 1958.

M. Palin. Probably the most famous Old Cakeian of all, his exploits in the media have led to him being invited back to give the annual Founder's Day Speech on a record 17 occasions.



Mr Justice Michael Davies. Perhaps Britain's most famous judge who made legal history by awarding damages of £1.5 million against his own car.

R. Twisk, who after cutting his journalistic teeth as Contributions Editor of the St Cakes school magazine, *The Currant Bun*, later rose to the top of his profession by becoming Editor of the British Edition of the *Reader's Digest*.

THE BOOK OF SHAMIR

Chapter 105.

1. And it came to pass in the days of Shamir that there dwelt amongst the Children of Israel a young man from Rish-on Le Zion, which is a place nigh unto the land of the Arab-ites.
2. And the young man took up arms, for he hearkened in his heart unto the counsel of Shamir, who sayeth: "Go out and smite the Arab-ites, for, verily, it is the only language that they understand."
3. And, lo, the young man cometh unto a lay-by where he spied the sons of Araf-at and slew them.
4. Yea, he slew seven.
5. And there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the tents of the Arab-ites.
6. Then said Shamir unto the children of Israel; "My eyes filleth with tears like unto the Pools of Hebron or even the tall glasses of Pina Colada at the Sammy Davis Junior Bar at the Hotel Megido that standeth by the golden sands of Eilat where the dusky maidens *(Get on with it. Ed.)*
7. "He that hath done this evil thing is no son of Israel. he is possessed of an evil spirit which hath taken hold of, him. In short, he is an loony.
8. Therefore, ye Arab-ites, take heed. He shall be punished by the Law of Israel in the Courts of Judah. In the mean-time, keep ye cool."
9. But the Arab-ites hearkeneth not to the words of Shamir, and they seeketh revenge and they rose up again which is called *Intifada*, or the throwing of stones.
10. Then Shamir waxed wroth and sayeth "Right! Ye have asked for it. This son of Israel may have been like unto an loony, but verily I say unto you he had the right idea."
11. So the men of Shamir went forth and smote the Arab-ites again.
12. And there was no end to the smiting.

Those Romanian election results in full

Bucharest South: ***National Salvation Front elected.***
Ion Ionescu (National Salvation Front) 229,304; Eugene Ionesco (Peasants' Party) 29,307; Eugion Unesco (National Salvation Army) 33.

Transylvania Central:
No change.
Vlad the Impaler (Feudal Reactionary Pro-Maxwell Alliance) 375; Ionesco Tesco (Liberal Party) 34; Magyar Thatchescu (Magyar Freedom Party) 32.

Timosoara East:
Communist hold.
Nicolai Ceausescu Junior (Securitate Jubilate Alliance) 3,742; Georges Enescu (Violins for Peace) 0; Mr E.N. Escu (Anti-Semitic Pogroms Now Front) 37,938,407.
(That's enough Romanians. Ed.)

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
AFTER THE HISTORIC WINNING OF THE DEFEAT IN THE LOCAL STAR WARS, THE VICTORIOUS LOSER RALLIED HER TROOPS...
THE TIDE IS TURNING!
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
I ALWAYS SAID SHE WAS A CNUT.
FROM NOW ON, IT'S MORE VICTORIES LIKE THIS.
OH NO!
BYE BYE INTERGALACTIC DOMINATION AND AGREEABLE SALARY.
MEANWHILE THE TRIUMPHANT ACCELERATION OF ROSE-1 WAS INEXPLICABLY SLOWING DOWN. COLONEL DAN DIRE WAS WORRIED...
WE'RE DECELERATING, PIGBY. FEED IN OUR NEW STRATEGY.
FEEDING IN PROGRESS. Mmm
NO, YOU CHUBBY CHUMP. OUR FUTURE AGENDA.
OH YES. WE WON'T BE TAXING ANYONE. LEAST OF ALL THE MAGGON... Burp!
DASHING REBEL LEADER HANS SOLOTINE MADE HIS LAST CHALLENGE...
LOOK. I'M SICK OF ALL THESE RUMOURS. ANYONE WHO SAYS I'M AFTER THE LEADERSHIP IS IN BIG TROUBLE...WHEN I BECOME LEADER.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOYAL SUGGESTIONS. I WILL CONSIDER THEM CAREFULLY... I CONSIDER THEM PATHETIC.
LOOK! IT'S REBEL WITHOUT A HOPE!
I'M UNBELIEVABLY LOYAL.
YOU'RE RIGHT. WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
BUT AS THE NON-LEADERSHIP ASSAULT FROM THE DASHING-HOPED REBEL ENDED, SO TOO DID THE SINISTER SKULLMAN'S EVIL PLOT...
I'M RESIGNING.
THAT'S THE FIRST SENSIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID IN YEARS!
I'M SICK OF BEING A NO. 2.
WHAT? A SHIT?
KA-DOOM!
HE'S A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW.
NO ONE WILL FOLLOW HIM. GOOD RIDDANCE, BONEHEAD!
ELSEWHERE MAJOR JOHN WAS BEING SUCKED INTO THE VORTEX OF INFLATION...
HOORAY! IT'S NOT AS BAD AS WE THOUGHT!
I WISH THE SAME COULD BE SAID ABOUT YOU.
I MUST WARN YOU. INFLATION WON'T COME DOWN FOR A WHILE...
HOW LONG EXACTLY?
ER... UNTIL WE'VE BEEN THROWN OUT.

Police warn of 'bogus' social workers

by Our Crime Staff
Sir Cleveland Jaws

Police all over England are advising parents to watch out for a "highly plausible professional woman in her mid-40s", who knocks on doors and asks to "look at your children's bottoms".

They warned that the woman, who seems well-spoken, is often accompanied by men with beards claiming to represent the Cleveland Social Services Department.

"If you allow this woman into your house," the police continue, "she may well claim to be empowered to remove your children into custody for further examination, and you may well find yourself up on a charge of child molesting."

Many people have been taken in already by this woman, including a number of MPs and several journalists working for the *Observer*.

Police also warn that another woman, who may or may not be connected with the first, has been stopping elderly ladies in the street in the Shepherds Bush area and asking them to remove their knickers and sing a song.

She then films them and sells the revolting videos to the BBC for their *That's Life* programme.

Marietta Higgs is 43.

Mad moggy — owner's tragic tale

by R.S.P.C.A. Hack

A tearful Andreas Whittam-Smith last night told of the tragedy of his pet moggy, William Rees, who is believed to be the first domestic victim of Mad Cow Disease or BSC (Broadcasting Standards Council) as it is known to veterinary science.

Speaking from his home in City Road, a sobbing Whittam-Smith explained how the awful events unfolded.

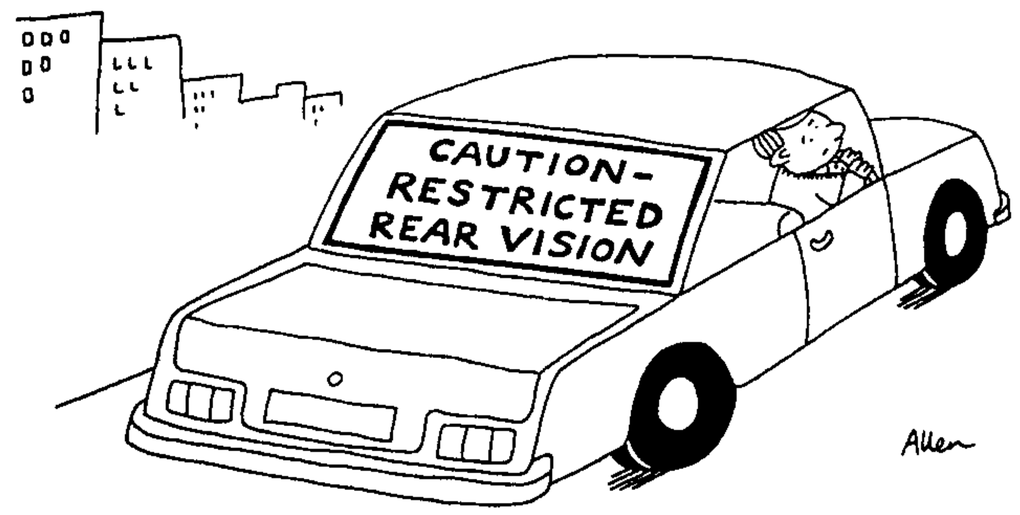
"One minute he was sitting in his office perfectly asleep and then the next thing we knew he had completely lost all sense of balance. He began writing mad pieces about television, Europe, the Gold Standard, Somerset and countless other things he knew nothing about. It was terrible to see it happen.

Mad Max Hastings

Last night vets were divided as to the cause of the Moggy Madness. One school of thought blames William Rees's diet of lunches at the Garrick for his appalling condition. These, they say, contain dangerous levels of Brown Windsor soup and treacle pudding. Others think that the softening of the brain and consequent insanity may be contagious.

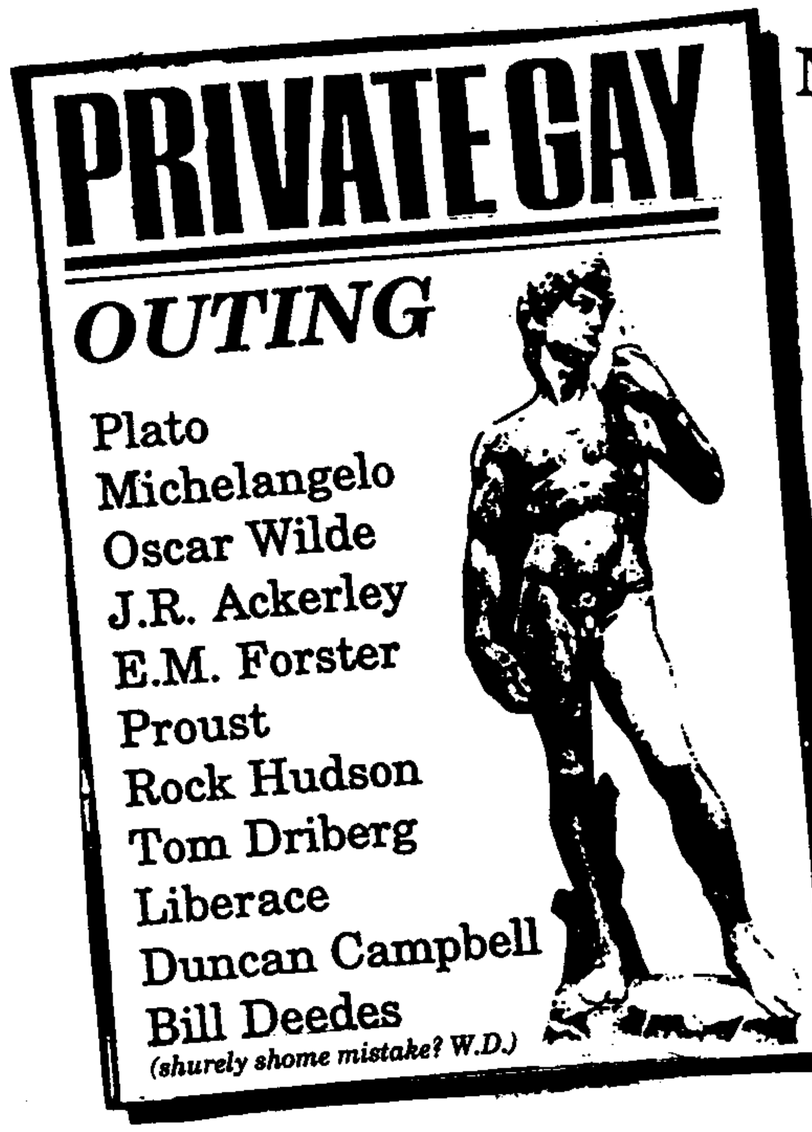
Said one specialist: "My theory is that William Rees has been in close contact with some mad cow like Mrs Thatcher."

Lord Rees Mogg is 98.



PRIVATE GAY

The magazine that dares to follow the new American trend of "outing".
We name the famous gays who are too scared to come out of the closet!
We expose those who refuse to admit their own sexual orientation!



NOW ON SALE

£2.00

IT'S A SAD FACT THAT A QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S PLANTS ARE FACING EXTINCTION BECAUSE OF DEFORESTATION HERE IN SOUTH AMERICA.
SCANDALOUS REALLY.
JUST THINK, 25% OF GLOBAL FLORA COULD DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY... AND WHO KNOWS WHAT UNDISCOVERED DRUGS WILL BE LOST FOREVER.
WITH SO MANY SPECIES ENDANGERED IT'S VITAL THAT WE ROCK STARS DO SOMETHING BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, GARY.
SO WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS ONE? SMOKE IT?
LET'S TRY CHEWING IT FIRST AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

WANTED: THE POLL TAX RINGLEADERS

DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?

by Our Political Staff **John Coletax**

Police last night issued photographs, cut out of the *Daily Telegraph*, of people whom they wish to interview in connection with the recent Poll Tax disturbances all over England. Inspector Knacker of the Yard has asked for members of the public who may know the so-called "Whitehall Three" to come forward with any information that could lead to the arrest of the trio believed to be behind the shocking outbreaks of mass violence.

1. "Brylcreem Ken". He is believed to be in his mid-50s, with long greasy hair, glasses and a smirking expression. Highly politically motivated, "Ken" belongs to a tiny group of fanatics known as the "Suck Up To Thatch Tendency".

2. Unknown man in blue. This suspect was definitely identified in the Trafalgar Square area on the day of the riots. He was wearing a policeman's helmet and lashing out at passers-by with a long stick, while they went about their Christmas shopping.

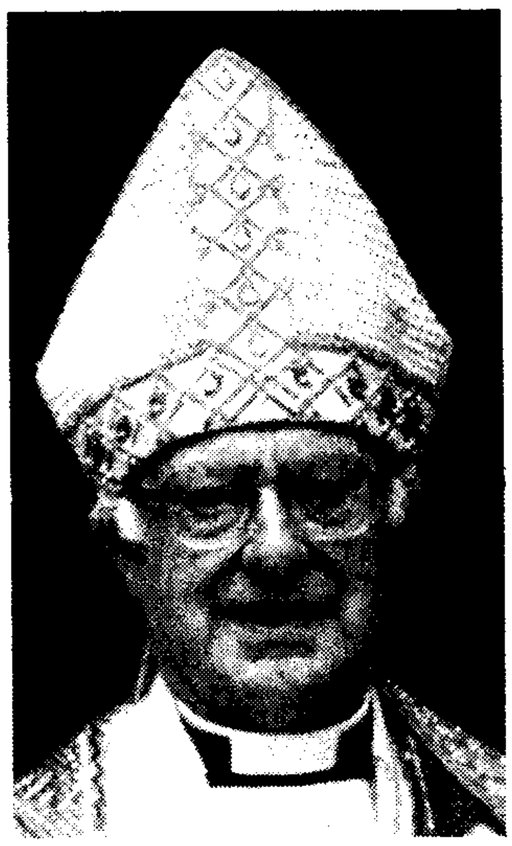
3. "Grantham Maggie". A teenage runaway who came to the bright lights of London in search of total power. Says her sister: "We still love her, even if no one else does. Whatever she may have done, she is still family."

Great Bores of Today.

"...seventeen is probably the highest you can get for your special subject what was it he did? Tennessee Williams's plays? I couldn't answer a single one but then he didn't do so well on the General Knowledge fancy not knowing the capital of Indonesia what was it again Bangkok? anyway he was probably nervous I liked the little Welsh school teacher who did the Italian Renaissance but it was too broad a subject still she caught up well in the General Knowledge she only passed on one which was the chemical symbol for zinc and if she had got that right she could have tied I reckon the winner will be that man with glasses from Somerset who was on three weeks ago who did the History of Romania 1947-1969 and rattled the answers off so quickly Magnus Magnusson could hardly finish the question and actually some of the questions are longer than others which isn't fair I think he always favours the women there was that famous case wasn't there where that very pretty blonde woman..."

"Let me through – I'm a doctor who doean't want any uneconomic patients"

New in the Eye



Yes, It's Church of England Rhyming Slang

C of E	**Cup of tea**
Canterbury	**Glass of sherry**
Robert Runcie	**Duncie**
General Synod	**Don't believe in God**
Morning Prayer	**No one there**
Archbishop *of York*	***Nothing but talk***
Bishop of London	**Flies are undone**
Westminster Abbey	**Shabby**
Evensong	**Far too long**
1662	**Empty pew**
John Waine	**Tory gain**
Selwyn Gummer	**Bummer**
Vicar of Bray	**Non-practising gay**
Women priests	**Dirty beasts**

(That's enough camp slang. Ed.)

That Gummer family breakfast menu in full

The "Selwyn Sizzler"
Grapefruit Segments À La Boeuf (one freshly detinned grapefruit liberally sprinkled with freshly milled Oxo Cube)

— ❋ —

The "Gummer Grill Experience"
One 12-pounder Rump Steak, garnished with rare Fillet of Beef, stuffed with minced beefburgers. Plus: Bacon, Egg, Tomato, Fried Bread and Home-Made Suffolk Punch beef sausages.

— ❋ —

Toast with Bovril (or Shippam's Old Scrapie Beef Paste)

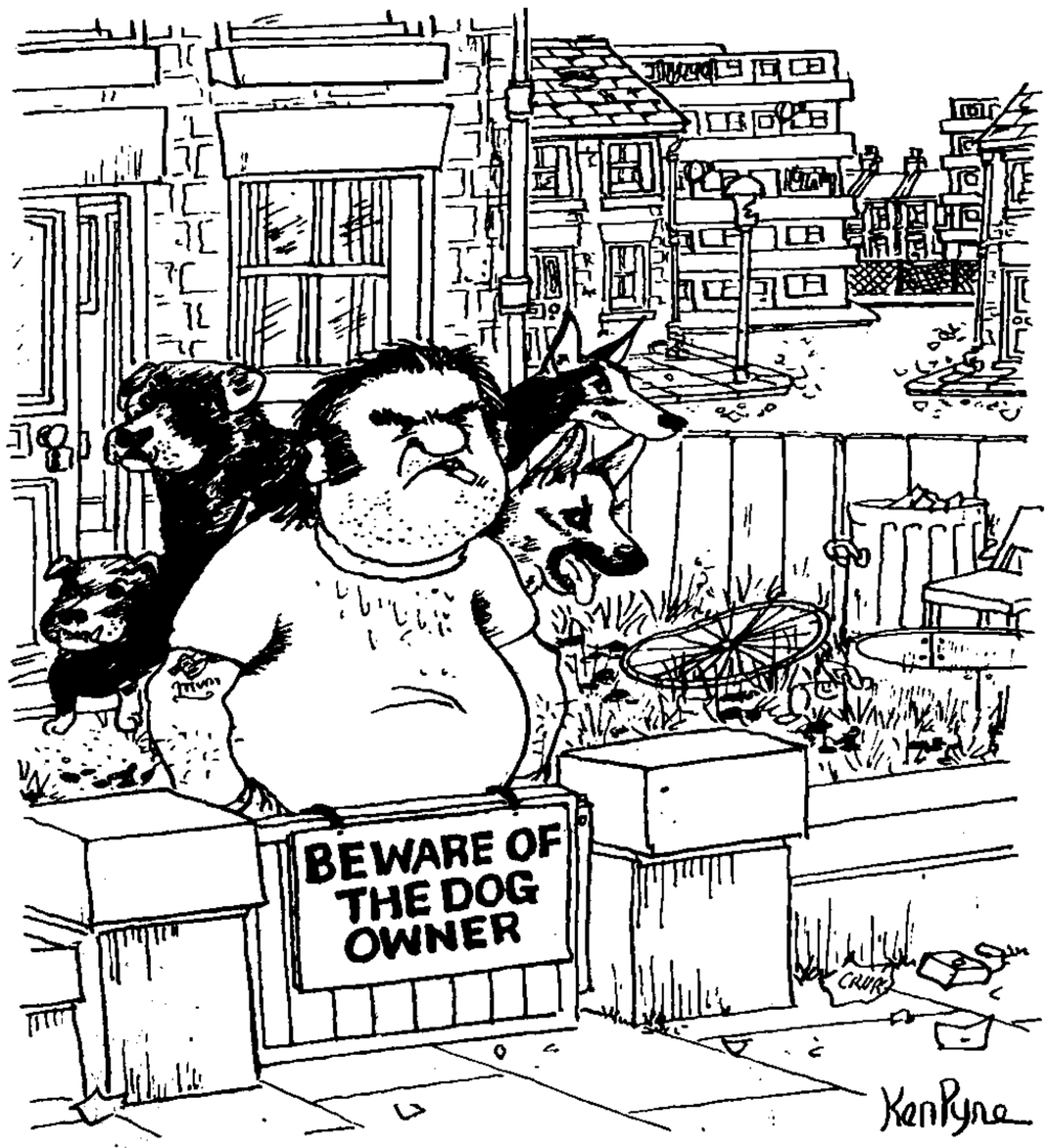
— ❋ —

Beef Tea or Beef Coffee

— ❋ —

For The Children
Beef 'n' Onion-Flavoured Crisps
Rowntree's Fruit Gummers (flavours: Beef and Onion)
Gravy

(That's enough breakfast. Ed.)



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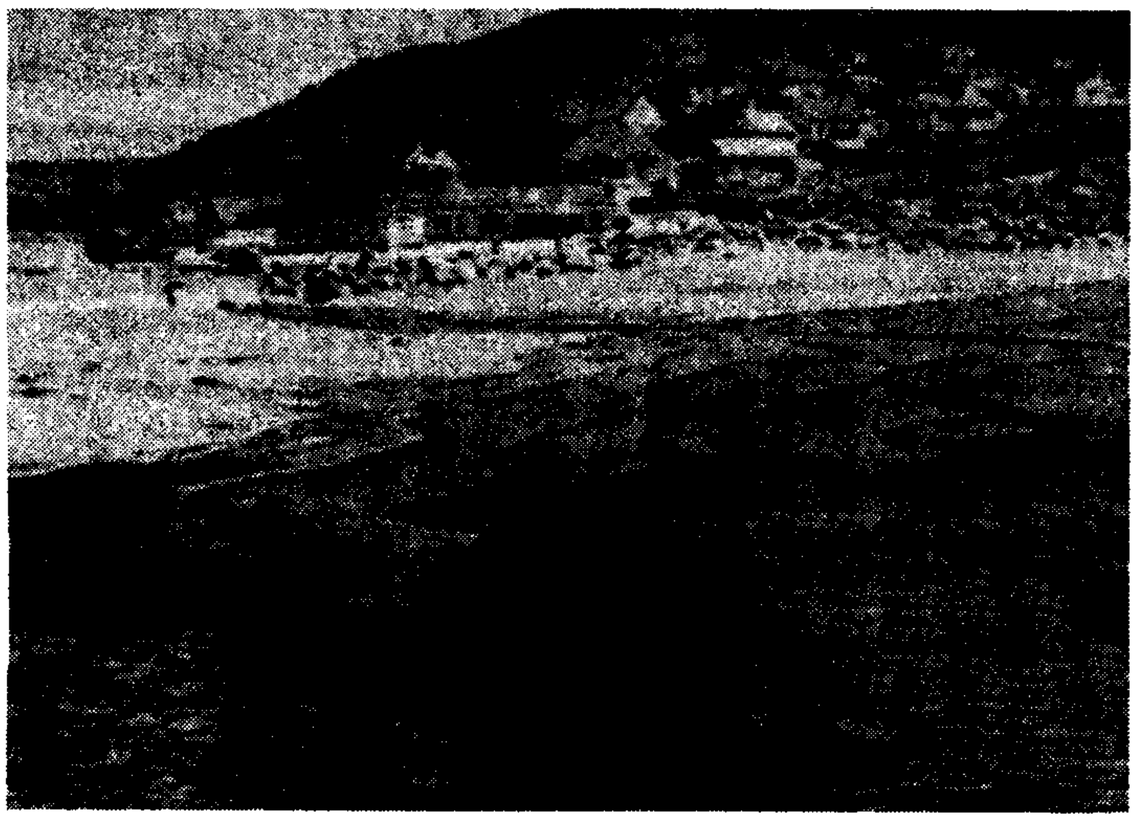
~~Eggs~~ Beef is safe

Eating ~~eggs~~ beef is completely safe. Safe beef is the only way to avoid Aids. When eating beef use a condom. Don't beef about the bush! Go to work on a cow. Make no misteak! John Bull is as British as Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Issued by the Beef Advisory Council, an independent body wholly owned by worried farmers.

Oil slick — Maxwell steps in

by Our Environmental Staff
Graham Greenpeace



A huge oil slick which threatened to bring disaster to West Country holiday beaches was turned back at the last minute yesterday, thanks to the intervention of philanthropist publisher Mr Robert Maxwell.

As a 50-mile tide of filth drifted inexorably towards some of Devon's most popular resorts, Mr Maxwell sent in waves of Bulgarian-made helicopters to drop millions of tons of unsold copies of *The European* in the path of the oncoming scum.

A spokesman for Mr Maxwell said that the newspapers dropped into the sea represented yet another publishing first for the man they call "The Euro-Lard Mountain".

Within seconds of the dramatic drop, the oil slick was miraculously absorbed by the popular, two-section, all-colour weekly newspaper, and the feared disaster was averted.

The full story of how Robert Maxwell saved Britain will be published exclusively in future issues of *The European*.

MOYNIHAN'S SHOCK 10-POINT PLAN TO STOP THE WORLD CUP HOOLIGANS

1. NO one in Sardinia should be allowed to consume alcohol between March and September.
2. THE sale of alcohol in Sardinia between these dates to be considered an offence punishable by death.
3. ALL ferries and flights to Sardinia should be cancelled until further notice.
4. A TASK force of UN warships should be sent to police an exclusion zone of 200 miles around the island, to prevent any hooligans swimming ashore from Italy.
5. 15 new prisons to be built on the island, at the expense of the Sardinian government, to accommodate any hooligans who manage to penetrate the Moynihan Line.
6. ALL World Cup matches involving England will be played in the Falkland Islands.
7. THE Margaret Thatcher Goose Green Stadium will be constructed as an all-seater military airport, surrounded by constantly airborne Harridan jump-jets (or "Flying Maggies") to ensue that no hooligans parachute into the islands during the duration of the Zone B Qualifying Round.
8. THE England team will be disqualified after the qualifying round, irrespective of results (8-nil to Albania, 11-nil to Egypt, 27-nil to the Maldive Islands, 46-nil to the Andaman and Nicobar Dependencies).
9. Er...
10. That's it.

"I'm afraid I've overspent my drugs budget again, Mrs Jones"

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles is rushing from the airport to deliver an important speech.

Now read on...

CHARLES'S chauffeur, Whittam-Smith, effortlessly steered the shining Gonzalez-Byaz four-door stretch limousine along the hard shoulder of the M25, past the miles of tailback. In the rear mirror, the signs to Gatwick receded and Charles relaxed momentarily. What a hectic time it had been just recently. The faithful chauffeur slid back the glass partition: "You've been getting around, sir. Still, I expect you're pleased to be getting home."

"Yes... one does feel a sense of...er..."

"Those Hungarians are a funny lot, aren't they? All that goulash and Bulls' Blood I expect. Ha ha ha..."

Charles leaned forward somewhat awkwardly to share his impressions of the newly democratic Hungary with the garrulous man at the wheel.

"It's tremendously exciting, you see, they've been under this yoke, behind this iron wall thingie for years and years and now suddenly we're there and they are as well..."

The car lurched to avoid an old woman selling strawberries at £3 per punnet, and the chauffeur laughed scornfully as her colourful wares were scattered in front of the oncoming tide of traffic.

"One gets a sense of wholeness there, of things being sort of being united. Do you know the work of Sir Laurens van der Post? He's an old friend of mine."

Whittam-Smith flashed his lights angrily at a police car patrolling the westbound lane.

"Sod off, mate! Pardon my Hungarian, Your Highness. You were saying?"

Charles persevered.

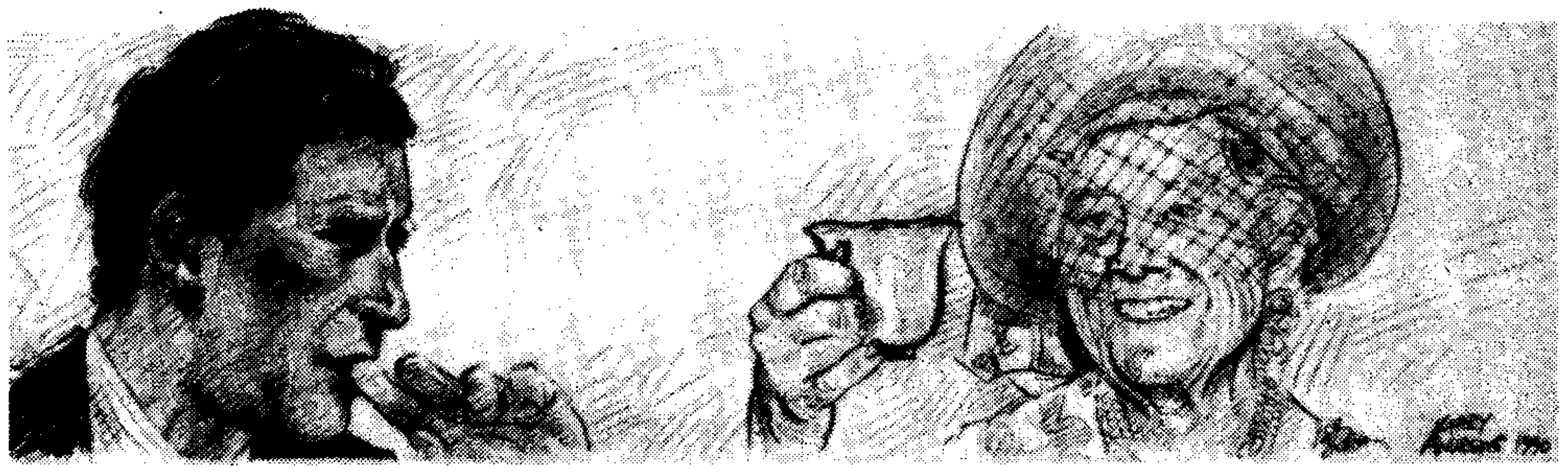
"This book... er... *Dreams Myths and Magyars* by Sir Laurens van der Post..."

"Anything like Wilbur Smith, is he? I love him, did you read the one where he decapitates the black woman? Really raunchy stuff."

Charles slowly slid the partition back into place. The chauffeur was clearly in no mood to savour the wisdom of his old friend and mentor who, as it happens, had said with regard to this East and West business: "The two halves of the walnut become the one nut."

If Whittam-Smith had thought about it, he would have seen how very true that was, how very...

In the silence that followed, Charles reflected with satisfaction on his busy fortnight. The highlight had surely been the opening of his exhibition of watercolours at the birthplace of the great Italian painter Frederico Raphael. What an honour it had been when the Mayor of Urbino, Signor Armano Ianucci, had compared his work with such Italian luminaries as Appalli, Atrocio and Rubbishi. Strange names, he had



thought at the time, but perhaps they were full of meaning if you were an Italian.

The Mayor had singled out Charles's most ambitious work, a study of San Pellagrino Monastery by moonlight, describing it as "Il molto pisso-pooro pittura", which his interpreter had assured him was the Italian for "terribly accomplished brushwork".

And then there was Hungary, and his inaugural speech which had made headlines all over the world.

The car turned off the motorway and passed a newsagent as it glided illicitly up a one-way street. Charles could see the cover of the *Radio Times* on the rack beside the door. ONE WORLD WEEK WITH PRINCE CHARLES — YES, HE'S BACK. And there was his photograph on every copy, rather like his mother's head on stamps. But before then was his speech for tonight on "The Role of the Old". He looked through his notes with the suggestions from Dr Barkworth, and went over the opening again: "Ladies and gentlemen, it really is appalling."

"IT REALLY is appalling, the way so many old people are ignored when in fact they have so much to offer. They long to take part in the community, to get out and about and do things, not just sit at home drinking tea."

He looked up to see the rapt audience nodding vigorously in approval.

"We have so much to learn from the elderly; they have so much advice that they can offer. When an old person talks to one, then one should jolly well listen."

"Hear, hear!" The audience rose to their feet, applauding wildly. It was another huge success.

"ANOTHER huge success, dear," said the voice of his grandmother on the ansaphone. "My man Grayson watched you on his little portable and says you were quite scrumptious. Anyway, I've got something I want to talk to you about — come round at once."

Within ten minutes Charles was sitting in the drawing room at Clarence House, sipping a cup of his granny's favourite Earl Grey Gin.

"You look like you've been overdoing it, dear," the gracious old belle-dame cooed as she popped a Coopers and Lybrand handmade walnut truffle into her mouth.

"Your face is getting worn and lined. You're taking too much on."

"But granny," he protested, "there's so much to do. So much to say. So much..."

"You take my advice, my boy. You do a great deal less and you'll be a great deal better off. The public will soon get sick of you if you keep jumping up and down all the time."

"But... But..."

"No buts, dear. You take a tip from your old granny. Let other people do the talking. You just enjoy yourself while you're young. You won't get another chance."

So saying, she bent forward and replenished his chope teacup with another three fingers of her favourite tipple.

Charles thought to himself, you know, sometimes old people were rather overrated. They didn't really understand anything..."

To be continued

TV

EAT UP YOUR GREENS!

A special extra-long edition of the hilarious "environmentally friendly" sitcom to coincide with the BBC's One World Week.

(Silly music. Shot of Green family cycling around Solihull. Cut to Mr Green with clipboard on ladder to attic)

MR GREEN: Let's start at the top of the house and work down. As Prince Charles said, we have to conserve energy.

BILLY *(holding ladder steady):* You'd conserve a lot more energy if you'd stop bossing everyone around!

MR GREEN: Shut up, Billy, and keep that ladder steady.

BILLY: See! More waste of energy!

(Mrs Green arrives with tray of Jojoba and Camomile Alcohol-Free Coffee drink)

MRS GREEN: Dad wasting energy? No wonder he's always complaining he's too tired!

DEBBIE: Mum! You should be ashamed of yourself!

MR GREEN *(climbing into loft):* There's a slate missing here.

BILLY: You're telling me! And a few screws!

MRS GREEN: That's what I just said!

DEBBIE: Our Mum! Go and wash your mouth out with non-animal-tested whale-free soya soap!

MRS GREEN: You listen here, young miss. Don't teach your grandmother how to suck eggs!

DEBBIE: I will if they're not free range and fed on pure organic vegetable feedstuffs!

MR GREEN *(reappearing):* Will you lot stop bickering! This loft is a walking ecological disaster. For a start, there's no insulation, there're gaps around the eaves and the lightbulb is 100 watts.

BILLY: What?

DAD: 100 watts.

BILLY: I only said one!

(You had this joke in the last episode — Director of Comedy, BBC)

DEBBIE: I hope you're not disturbing any rodent nestations up there, Dad. I've heard something moving about at night.

MRS GREEN: Not from *our* bedroom, you haven't.

DAD: I'm gonna need some felt.

MUM: That's what I keep telling him!

BILLY: Right, Dad, I'll go and fetch the tool kit!

MUM: I shouldn't bother, our Billy. He won't know what to do with it!

(Debbie stamps foot)

DEBBIE: Right, Mum, that's it. This family is trying to assist Prince Charles in saving the planet and all you can think about is your own problems.

MRS GREEN: You're right, our Debbie, as young people so often are *(bows head in prayer).* "O, one planet and single purpose of the universe, help us to forget our own minuscule problems..."

BILLY *(under breath):* Poor old Dad gets it again!

DEBBIE: Sshh!

MRS GREEN: "...and concentrate on cutting down both waste and excess in our energy consumption. Let us with a sense of whole-earthness fill in the gaps. Amen."

BILLY: Does that include the hole in the ceiling?

(They all look up)

MRS GREEN: What hole in the ceiling?

BILLY: The one Dad's about to come through.

(Amidst falling-down plaster a foot appears above their heads, followed by a leg, and finally the whole body of Mr Green)

MR GREEN: Whoaooa... aaargh!

(Cut to Mr Green on crutches leaving hospital)

MRS GREEN: So what's the verdict, our Dad?

MR GREEN *(morosely):* The doctor told me to keep indoors and conserve energy!

BILLY: Who was he? Prince Charles?!

DEBBIE: Not with those crutches you don't, our Dad! You rainforest murderer! *(Pulls crutches away from Mr Green, who collapses in agony.)* You see — hardwood! And for one tiny moment I thought the medical profession had joined the right side.

MR GREEN *(on floor):* I'll give you right side, young madam, you...

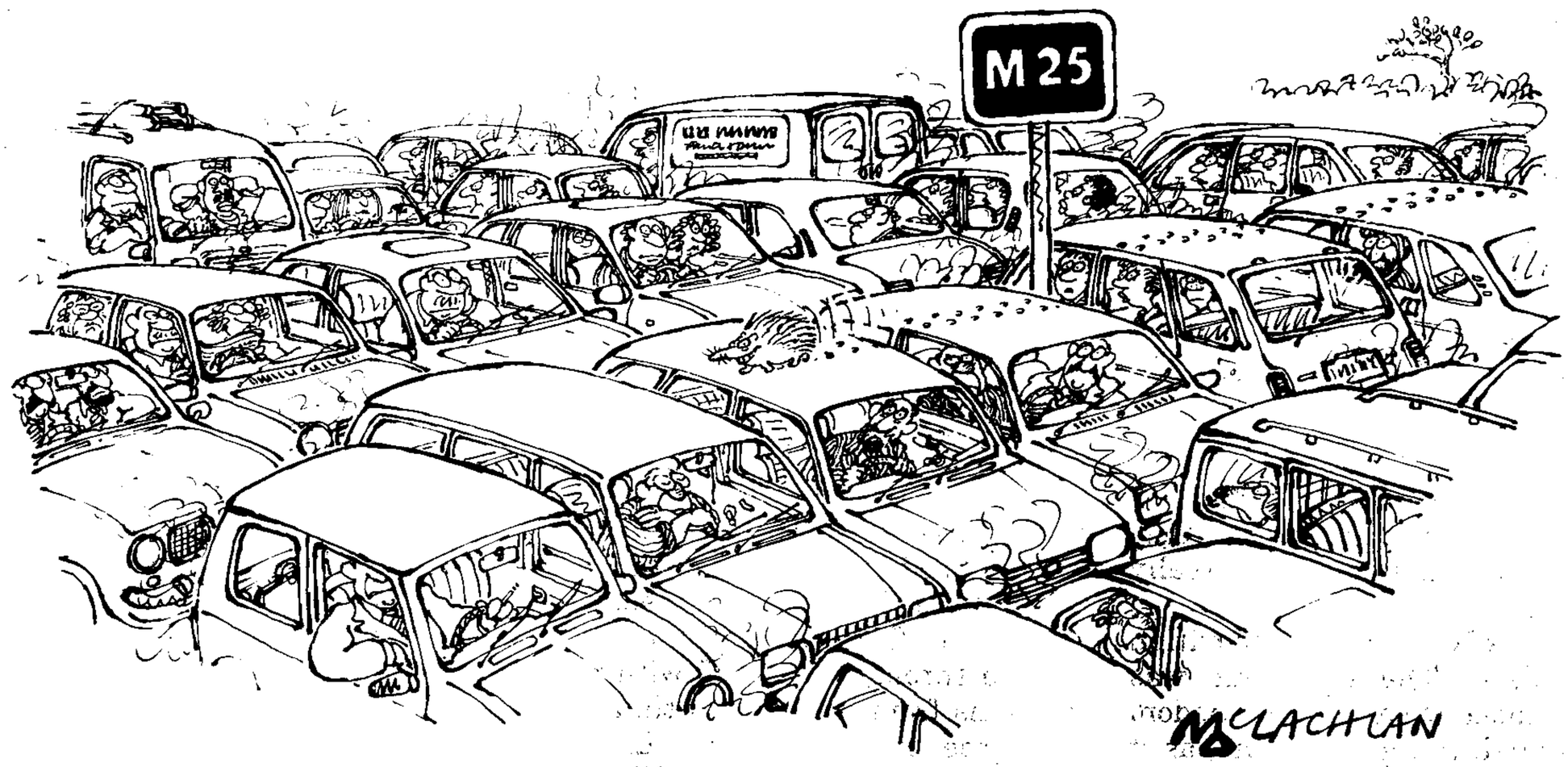
MRS GREEN: Never mind, our Dad. I've made you a nice welcome-home bean and lentil bake — just the way you like it.

BILLY: Oh no! We'll be kept awake all night with him blowing holes in the ozone layer.

MR GREEN: Why, you...

(Silly music. Credits)

ANNOUNCER: More high jinks next week when Debbie and Billy kidnap the manager of the Solihull Burger King and demand the immediate release of all fish-farmed salmon into the local river.



ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE

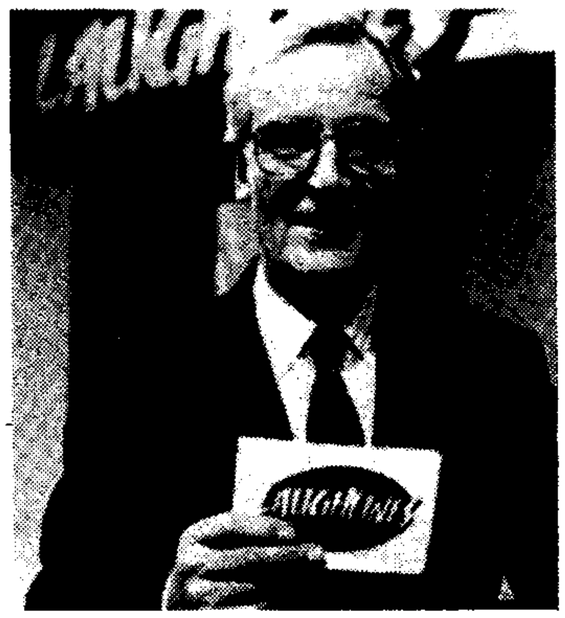
BGB THIS WEEK

British Gnome Broadcasting brings you — yes, you, the one with the squarial — the finest entertainment that money can buy (£7.37).

Just look at what our five sensational channels have to offer you – yes, you, the one in Neasden who has got cable – this very week!

MOVIETIME

▲ THEY FLEW TO BRUGES (1948) — award-winning black and white war epic never before seen on television since Christmas on BBC1.



SUPER SPORTEL

▶Full coverage of the Canadian Indoor Canoeing Final (1979). Live from Moosejaw. Introduced by Big Cliff Molson. Zimbabwe vs Egypt.

YORKIETEL

for entertainment

◀ WORRYLINES
Hilarious comedy panel show where contestants have to guess how many lines there are on BSB chairman Anthony Simmonds-Gooding's forehead. Winners get a satellite dish and an evening out with Nicholas Parsons. Runners up: two nights out with John Gau *(Who he? Ed.)*

PLUS

▲ TERRY AND JUNE (series 73). The much-loved British sitcom gets its first well-deserved airing since yesterday on Sky.

BATTERSEA POWER STATION

for young people

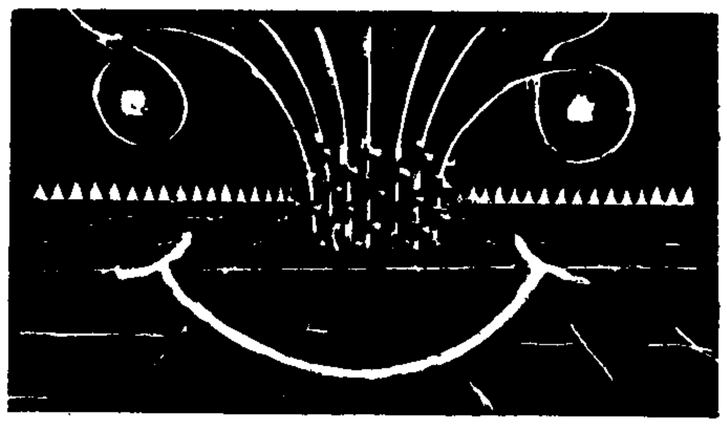
▲ Riveting live 12-hour concert by the Shadows with guest appearance by Kenny Ball & His Jazzmen. *(That's enough BGB. Ed.)*

TALBOT

for living

▶IT'S YOUR LINE TO BRIAN HAYES!
Brian talks to people who phone in with special guests Sid in Catford and Florence in Fulham.

DIARY



ROBERT MAXWELL MC

Call me Bob. Why not? No one can accuse me — Bob Maxwell — of harbouring grudges, and though I've had my fall-outs with the staff and readers of *Private Eye* over the years, I'm happy to accept the olive-branch offered by your editor, and I welcome this "right to reply" with characteristic verve and generosity. "You're a friend to the people, Bob, and you never let old enmities get in the way, and you can't say fairer than that", as my old pal the late Nic Ceausescu used to put it.

The last couple of weeks have witnessed the brilliantly outstanding success of my latest venture, *The European*. I am delighted to announce that we sold out our first printing of over fifty five million — that's one each for every man, woman and child in this country — and we were forced to print a second edition of four hundred million on hearing that the Chinese were clamouring for it too. These outstandingly excellent results were due in no small part to the fascinating polls we conducted among a sample of over fifty people in and beyond the Holborn area. In answer to the question: "Which leading public figure in the world do you feel is most deserving of an hereditary peerage?", we were frankly astonished to find that 99 per cent answered: "Robert Maxwell MC", while to the question: "Who would be the most suitable monarch for a united Europe?", the answers were a little more varied, with 15 per cent voting for Queen Elizabeth II, 3 per cent voting for King Juan Carlos of Spain and just 82 per cent voting for Robert Maxwell MC.

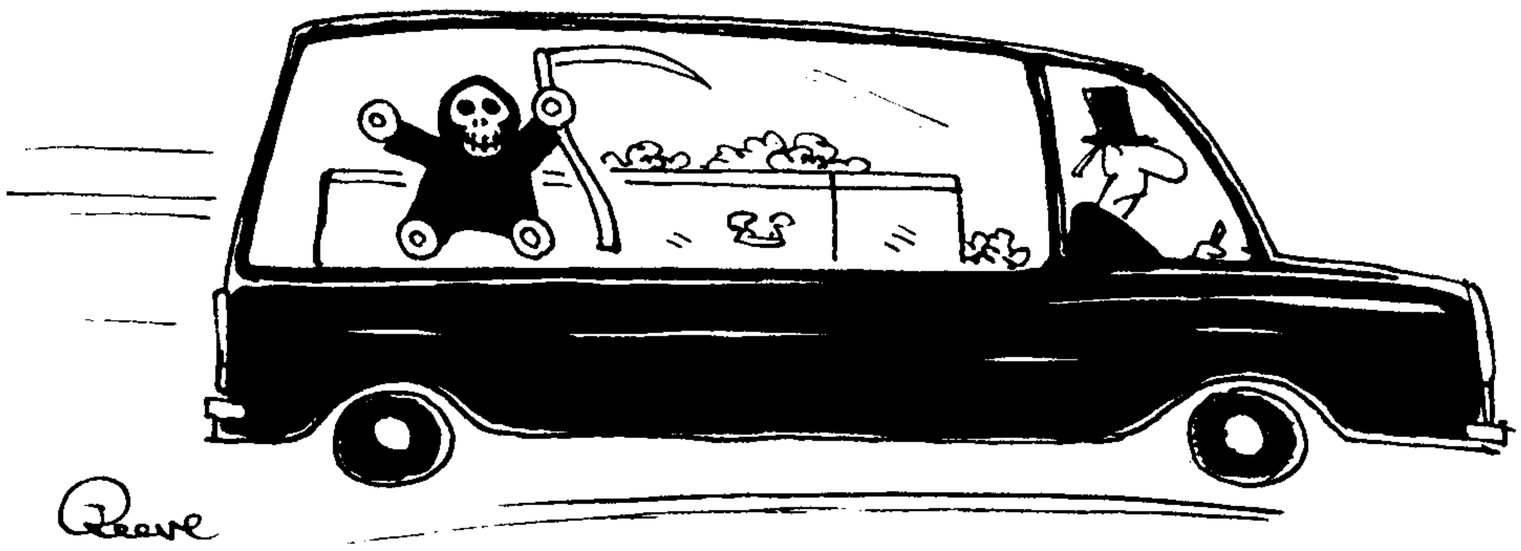
Of course, it would not be in the financial interest either of Maxwell Communications or, more importantly, Great Britain, to maintain these quite outstandingly high print-runs, so in the next few months I have ordered that *The European* becomes rather more exclusive, rather more up-market, with a print-run of between eight and ten copies per week, for myself and my immediate family. This makes commercial sense and journalistic sense and represents an overwhelming triumph for Britain in the world market.

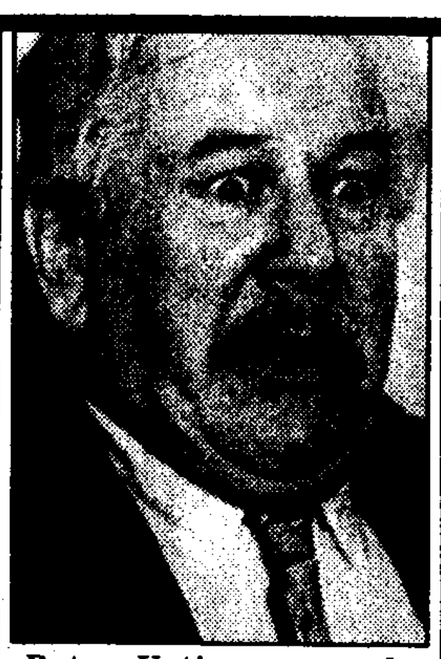
It's my birthday on 10th June, and I'll be entertaining a galaxy of senior politicians, key media commentators and outstanding figures from the world of the arts and entertainment, many of whom have agreed to waive their usual appearance fees. It goes without saying that I am a diehard supporter of the Labour Party, having been Labour Prime Minister from 1964-70, and so I will be welcoming a great many first-class Labour politicians to the festivities, among them Mr Neil Kinnock, whom I am more than ever convinced has the deference, determination and modesty to lead our party to a great victory at the next election under my direction. Neil simply adores attending my parties, often donning a specs-nose-and-moustache "novelty" mask as he enters so as to assist the air of jollity. A thoroughly decent little chap, he takes scrupulous care not to steal my limelight by positioning himself as far away from his host as he possibly can. At one of my parties a few months ago, I found the poor chap quivering in a back corridor. "My dear fellow," I said, generously. "I've been looking for you everywhere! Come and be photographed with me! What are you doing with that raincoat on your head?" He explained that he was planning some sort of fancy dress "jape", disguising himself as a hatstand. Neil has an outstanding sense of pragmatism, plus a great deal of valuable energy, and I am happy to announce that, when Labour win at the next election, I have every intention of "setting up office" in Downing Street in order to give him the full benefit of my political know-how.

My parties are justly renowned. "No one can come to the aid of a party like you, Bob," as my old chum Eric "Honk-Honk" Honecker used to put it. Preparations for June 10th are coming on apace. As guests arrive, my valet Haines will pass them each a special gift — a silk tie, a gold-plated vanity case, a top quality wrist watch — on which the words HAPPY BIRTHDAY BOB" will be inscribed. Moving in procession up the main staircase at Headington Hall, my country seat, they will then have an opportunity to shake my hand, wish me well, and hand over the allotted present.

Birthday tributes are already pouring in. "No one understood me like Bob understood me — Imelda." "Fidel salutes Fatso." "Jaruzelski says, 'We nearly beat 'em, Bob! '"May the name of Maxwell spread as far as Deng." These will be read out by Haines while the assembled guests are given the opportunity to watch me eat an outstanding dinner of lobster thermidor followed by smoked salmon and caviar with leg of beef and a dozen crème brûlées to follow, all washed down with some very expensive wine, after which I will pick up the famous Maxwell bass trumpet, and all my delightful friends and colleagues will be able to enjoy dancing to my tune.

Might I take this opportunity to clear up one or two vicious slanders pertaining to my person? It has been suggested by malevolent journalists with an axe to grind that my publications, *Ceausescu — Dutiful Servant of a Cheery Folk*, *Zhikov — Bulgaria's Great Big Teddy Bear* and *Honecker: Saint or Hero?* were in some way supportive of these foul regimes. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are no more than printed transcripts of conversations I had with these world leaders, without bias one way or the other. My tough cross-questioning — "Tell me, Nicolae, how is it that you enjoy such widespread popularity among your people: could it have anything to do with your self-sacrificing idealism, your rugged good looks, your wholehearted devotion to their cause?" — was, I am proud to say, among the most difficult they had ever faced, and it is surely no coincidence that within a matter of years so many of their regimes have been toppled. Once again, Bob has done his bit for the greater good of mankind, a brilliant result for the man the readers of *The European* have just voted "Outstanding International Statesman of the Post-War Years".





Peter Ustinov: nearly came in pyjamas

Daily Telegraph

Literary Review

Off the cutting room floor...

Cannes: The Novel
Iain Johnstone
Chatto & Windus £13.95

ONE thing is certain: *Cannes: The Novel* is never likely to become *Cannes: The Film of the Novel*. The simple reason is that the films depicted in the story are so unbelievably fatuous as to be out of place even in a satire.

Genial *Sunday Times* film critic Iain Johnstone veers uneasily from parody to realism and back again in his international movie tale in a way that fails to compel attention, despite the dizzying series of locations: Pinewood, England; New York; Paris; Hongkong; London; Sydney; and, of course, Cannes. Most of the action takes place in 1997, leading up to the 50th Cannes Film Festival and only weeks before Hongkong is to be handed back to the Chinese government in Beijing, although there is a brief historical digression headed "Friday 9th May 1834, Cannes".

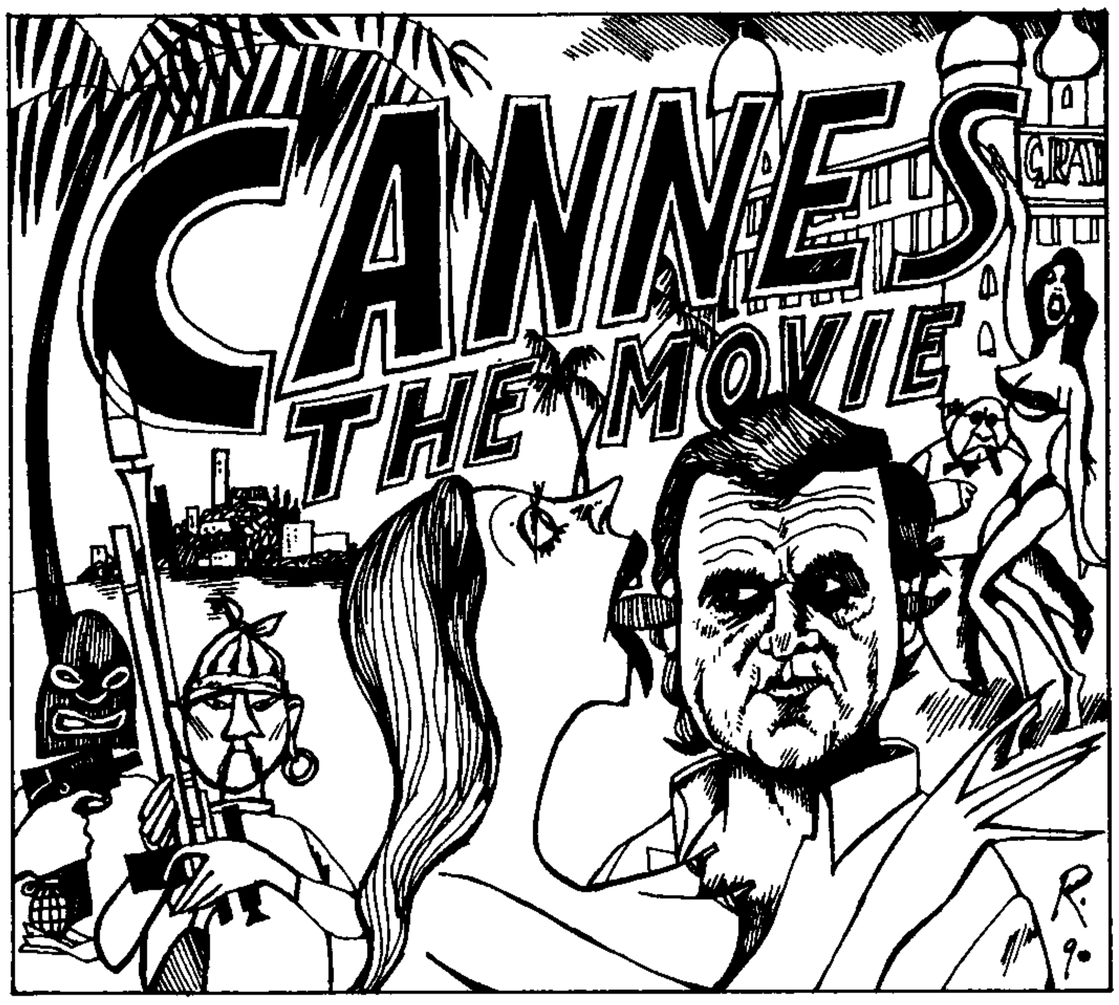
We start with a film that is being made at Pinewood under the aegis of an independent producer in the Sam Spiegel/Alexander Salkind mould, called Fyodor Lasky. The film is a science fiction epic entitled *Jupiter Landing* and its plot involves the Jupiterians landing in the South China Sea on a mission to establish contact with the Chinese. Instead, they are intercepted by a British cruiser, their leader falls in love with a nurse called Sister Florence, they are secretly shipped back to Britain and do a deal with the Foreign Office. Jupiter joins the British Commonwealth and offers technological wizardry in exchange. Johnstone's schlock science fiction movie is more boring than the type of film he is trying to satirize.

Another strand in the story concerns an American TV journalist called Robert Barrett, who works for a programme called *Arts Action*. He has dreams about historical subjects such as the Crusades and a girlfriend who loves the taste of his sweat "mixed up with that Calvin Klein stuff". In real-life movies this is called product placement, but it is unlikely that Johnstone was paid anything to plug this particular brand of men's perfume.

At least we know we are in the familiar territory of shopping and fucking, but with the added spice of film buff references. Thus Robert's girlfriend soon joins him in the shower: " 'Hello, this is Norman Bates', whispered a voice, 'and I have come to fuck you dead...' Deftly, she put him inside her and wrapped both her legs around his waist." A few paragraphs later, Robert is described as lying "detumescently" beside her. (Thankfully by page 274 Johnstone is content to say of Robert and another character, the film star Elizabeth Brown, merely that "they made love".)

Elizabeth's knickers, she giggles and asks " 'Wasn't there some little man who wanted to make love to Dorothy Parker and she said, "If you do and I found out, I shall be most annoyed." ' " The reader yearns for these moments when Johnstone allows the wit of other writers to enter the conversation of his tedious characters.

The drama in the story concerns a terrorist hijacking of the Majestic Hotel and the taking of hostages, including a French politician. The terrorists turn out to be Triads masquerading as liberation fighters who object to the handing over of Hongkong to the Chinese. The actress Elizabeth Brown is coincidentally the daughter to Lord Brown, governor of Hongkong, who turns up to witness an attempt to storm the hotel by French paratroopers. Elizabeth has been taken hostage and before she is rescued, our hero Robert Barrett berates Lord Brown for his phlegmatic resignation to his daughter's probable fate: "What's dignity got to do with it? Life is for



living, not for handing over to history. I know that shit about Scott of the Antarctic you fed her. You're a nation that thrives on a raft of dead failures. You have no conception of the present, just an out-moded value system that covers up the privileges of your mightily undignified past... [70 words later]... Haven't you ever heard about sheer human compassion? Is it outlawed in the British Empire? Not in the rule book? Not part of the treaties? Dignity! You fucking English!"

Some speech this. Reading this novel, it appears that Johnstone agrees with Robert that dignity is an overrated virtue.

Apart from the obligatory "tumescent" stuff, there are plenty of trigger references to landmarks in Cannes — the restaurant Le Moulin des Mougins, the virtually all-night hang-out of Soho media trendies Le Petit Carlton, and the ghastly Palais des Festivals. There is also a cloying episode in Aspen, Colorado, which will no doubt please Johnstone's editor on the *Sunday Times*, Andrew "Brillo-Pad" Neill, who has been going there for years. Occasionally you come across an arresting piece of dialogue only to have the character who's said it admit a moment later that it comes from a Woody Allen film, or when Robert tries to remove

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I HEAR ON THE GRAPEVINE SNIPCOCK'S ABOUT TO SELL THE COMPANY
I THINK THAT'S VERY UNLIKELY
WHY?
HE CAN'T EVEN SELL A BOOK
CLINK!

Books & Bookmen

■ **DEBBIE OWEN, the world's nicest literary agent, was as good as her word and insisted, but insisted, on giving a luncheon party on a gilded Thames barge to celebrate Jeffrey Archer leaving her as a client for Amanda at £12,500 per annum** (*Eyes passim*).

The balding, grinning antic novelist and playwright turned up wearing a Henley Regatta-style blazer emblazoned with a Tory Party rosette inscribed, oh so wittily, "Debbie for President". The guests included George Greenteeth, Jeffrey's new literary eminence grease; giggling, shoulder-swilling Tom Mori, the Japanese sumarai; and the Reverend Cohen, vicar and editor-in-chief with whom Archer did (or didn't) have dinner at L'Epicure on the fatal night.

The guest list was completed by seven Burton-suited Masons from Hodder & Stoughton, Geoffrey's fervent publishers, and Dr Death, who confided to anyone who would listen how proud he was of his wife. Well, yes.

☐ *WHAT has happened to Mr Andre Deutsch? He went around the very good party at the Royal Society of Arts last Thursday to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund saying everyone was wrong to say horrid things about Tom "Snipcock" Rosenthal's stewardship of Andre Deutsch Ltd and that the firm couldn't be in safer hands.*

■ ANTHONY Cheetham, supremo of the Random Century Group, has become the softest touch in London publishing for out of work editors. ("Give us 50 grand, guv, and we'll condescend to work for you.")

Last week Tessa Strickland, previously managing director of Viking, was appointed to run the Rider esoteric list. Cheeky Chatham appointed her because he was impressed by the words of Clare "The Queen" Alexander, quoted when Ms Strickland and another editor were purged from Penguin, "They are excellent editors and this in no way reflects on their capabilities". How right, as always, The Queen was.

Other "nice" editors who have joined the Random Century Grope in recent weeks include (who could forget?) the saintly Geoff Mulligan; Oliver Johnson to Arrow from Macmillan's off-shore island, Sidgwick & Jackson; and Will Sulkin, who didn't like the way Matthew Evans and Robert McCrum were taking fibber and fibber downmarket.

Meanwhile Piet Snyman, nuts and bolts man at Century, has been given the 007 job of containing the managing directors of Cape and Chatto and Windus, respectively Goldilocks, Godwin and Kangaroo Callil. He should be so skilful.

☐ *SENSITIVE novelist Ian McEwan refused to give an interview to the Sunday Correspondent recently after it had featured his oeuvre in one of its spoof Eng Lit "Pass-notes" features.*

As ever the comments were a little cruel, so McEwan decided to puff his new book, The Innocent, in an interview with the Sunday Independent instead. The Sindy sent along hack William Leith. Poor McEwan. The author of the Sunday Corrie's "Pass-notes" was... William Leith.

'Bookworm'

Channel Tunnel

Question time

THE Channel Tunnel is now at make-or-break point: the cost has been put at £8.5 billion which is regarded by City experts as the top figure at which it could ever repay the investors.

After that, as *Eye* readers well know, it would join the select group of projects like the Humber Bridge and French nuclear plants which are doomed always to earn less than the interest they have to pay. Their debt grows year by year.

Wisely, Eurotunnel has included in the price an extra £1 billion for cost overruns; but this raises the question of how it has been possible for a group with access to the best consulting engineers to be so wrong. The prospectus from Eurotunnel in 1987 put the cost at £4.8 billion. This was not, however, the first estimate.

Three years before, in May 1984, a report was drawn up by the leading banks in Britain and France and submitted to both governments and the EEC. It was called "Finance for a fixed Channel link" and the British banks were Midland and National Westminster. They concluded that the tunnel would cost £7.5 billion, which just happens to be the figure which Eurotunnel is now quoting (plus "overruns") after a gap of six years.

During those six years, Eurotunnel found itself another, much more modest estimate, which enabled it to ask the public to subscribe towards a tunnel costing £2.7 billion less than the banks had forecast.

It was, even then, a close-run thing. The underwriters were left with 20 percent of the shares unsold. If the public had been told what has now been accepted as the cost, then things might have been even worse.

So where did the more favourable cost-estimate come from? The consulting engineers were one of Britain's best known companies in the civil engineering world, W.S. Atkins and Partners, together with a French company named SETEC. A spokeswoman of W.S. Atkins said: "I can't say anything about it at all. You will have to ring Eurotunnel." And Eurotunnel refused to enlarge on its public statements: "You will forgive me if I do not delve into history to the extent that you seem to wish to," said a spokesman.

This leaves two issues that are less easy to resolve. First is the reputation of the British civil engineering industry. It deserves an explanation of what caused one of its members to discard a cost-estimate that has proved to be right and adopt a new one which has proved to be wrong.

Second there is the problem for Eurotunnel of persuading the investing public this autumn to trust its latest forecasts to the extent of investing a further £600 million in the project. To do so, they will need to believe that the tunnel will pay.

One of the people responsible for the 1984 report by the banks is Colin Stannard, who was head of the project unit at National Westminster and head of the team which wrote the report.

His view now is that the tunnel's ability to repay its investors will depend on the first three years of operation. "That is the period when, if you get capitalised interest of any size, you actually start going down the tubes, as they say. Capitalised interest means you haven't got enough cash flow to pay all the interest and therefore the banks have got no alternative but to lend you more money to pay them the interest. You have to add the money you owe on to the debt. This is the standard problem of Third World countries. If they can at least pay the interest in the first three years, they will eventually be in a position to repay the capital," he said.

To do that, Eurotunnel will need to inspire a lot of confidence. It will be difficult if the question of the cost-estimates is left unanswered.

Privatisation

Electric shock

NUCLEAR FORUM'90

THE energy department has become unusually edgy and vehement about the latest rumours that suggest it will draw back from trying to privatise power stations in this Parliament.

It denounced as "totally untrue and mischievous" a round of renewed speculation that it was accepting the argument of James Capel, its broking advisers, that it should halt privatisation of electricity with the sale of the area boards this autumn — as the *Eye* has forecast will happen — and should draw back from the next stage of selling off the generating side in 1991.

The speculation came from *The Times* which ignored the denial and printed the story. In the City it was being said the story had been started by British Coal, terrified of facing more competition if the power stations are allowed to buy coal from overseas where slave labour produces the fuel more cheaply.

This may be true but does not alter the fact that the Government is desperately worried about how it can persuade the City to pay what looks like a reasonable selling price for an industry worth around £30 billion, without earning the odium of the public with an election approaching.

Meanwhile the beleaguered nuclear industry is trying to rally its troops with a two-day conference next month organised by the British Nuclear Forum, which represents most of the big companies, at a cost of £402.40p per head (plus £65 if you wish to take a spouse to the big dinner).

There is one big problem: a shortage of volunteer speakers. With only a month to go the programme reads: Nuclear power in Eastern Europe (speaker to be confirmed); The role of nuclear power in a changing Europe (speaker to be confirmed); Perspective from the USA (speaker to be confirmed); Lunch (speaker to be confirmed); Nuclear power economics, a European overview (speaker to be confirmed); Decommissioning (speaker to be confirmed); Lunch on Day Two (speaker to be confirmed); Shaping up to the future (speaker to be confirmed); Trends in reactor technology (speaker to be confirmed); Environmental benefits of nuclear power — you guessed it — (speaker to be confirmed).

BNF is also still looking for a guest speaker for the £65 dinner. The opening address is to be by the cabinet minister who wrecked the hopes of the industry by shutting down the programme to build more nuclear power stations, John Wakeham. Perhaps he will find a pressing alternative engagement and send along a junior energy minister.

London Underground

Double trouble

THE London Underground came to a halt in the rush hour on the morning of 8 May stranding hundreds of thousands of people in the tunnels on their way to work. The fault was a failure at an electricity sub-station controlled by the grid. So was London Underground innocent? Not quite.

The tube has two sources of supply: the normal grid, which provides power to all of us, and its own generators. So why did the tube not switch to its own private supply on 8 May? Because, almost unbelievably, engineering genius has ensured that by having two supplies the tube is not *half* as likely to be shut down by a power cut — it is *twice* as likely.

The private generator supplies power for traction — to stop and start the trains — while the ordinary grid supply is for some escalators, lights, signals, computers and other controls. So when either the grid or the private generator has a fault, London Underground is liable to come to a stop.

It requires talent to have double the normal supply and double the normal likelihood of a power cut. And these are the people who want us to believe that in the event of an emergency, the exit gates will automatically spring open to allow everyone to escape...

Sally Deedes SPECIAL

THE WHEELS of justice grind exceedingly slow — especially at the Law Society. Reader Frank Dale of Cheshire, put out of business after he was wrongly accused of pirating video tapes, complained to the society six years ago about his treatment at the hands of London solicitors Hamlin Slowe. He's still waiting for his complaint to be dealt with.

Mr Dale claims his business as a video distributor was ruined after he was served with an Anton Pillar Order — a ferocious piece of legislation described by Lord Denning as "the nuclear weapon of the British legal system". (It gives the right to raid someone's home or office, seize goods and papers and to freeze disposable assets for up to five years.)

One was served on Mr Dale in 1982 by Hamlin Slowe after nine film companies — including MGM, Warner Bros and EMI — accused him of selling illegally copied tapes. The British Videogram Association included Mr Dale on a list of "proven pirates" warning its members not to deal with him.

Three years later a judge cleared him. (Mr Dale had bought videos worth £3,000 in good faith at a reputable trade show, but when some retailers complained about some being of poor quality he became suspicious they may have been pirated and stopped his cheque, later found in a raid on the suppliers.)

Following the judgement, Mr Dale sued the companies and Hamlin Slowe. In 1988 he won an out of court settlement of £210,000, but was still very unhappy about the way the Anton Pillar Order had been executed.

Returning home one evening, Mr Dale had found his 10-year-old son Christopher inside the house with Colin Morgan from Hamlin Slowe and a policeman. They were armed with the order, which had to be served between 10am and 6pm; as it was now 6.25, Mr Dale pointed out that the men were trespassing.

The order does not allow anyone to enter a house without permission (a 10 year old is too young to grant this permission and Christopher later said he had believed both men to be policemen since Mr Morgan had not revealed his identity). Mr Morgan, a solicitor of many years' standing, insisted he had been legally admitted and refused to leave.

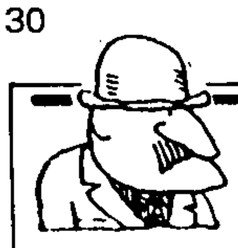
Mr Dale called his own solicitor and eventually Mr Morgan left threatening to apply to the high court the next day to commit both Mr Dale and his solicitor to prison if they would not comply with the order.

A police car took up position outside the house, which surprised Mr Dale since this was a civil and not a criminal case. He drove out of his drive and was overtaken and stopped by the police and searched in full view of the neighbours. On his return and after complaining to the police station the panda car was replaced by a car containing a Hamlin Slowe solicitor and a private investigator.

The next day Hamlin Slowe obtained a new order. Mr Dale's only alternative to custody was to allow a search of his house. Five men searched 2,000 cassettes and took away 40 — this evidence, if such it was, has since been lost while in the solicitors' custody. They took documents, including his children's paintings and his wife's shopping list. The order froze his assets and Mr Dale had to spend savings of £60,000 to survive over the next seven years. He had been on the verge of obtaining a DTI business grant of £25,000 which was withdrawn.

Six years ago Mr Dale complained to the Law Society about Hamlin Slowe who, in 1985 while acting on behalf of Columbia Films against a Mr Robinson of Frederick Street, London, had been reprimanded by Mr Justice Scott for abusing the same order. "Hamlin's behaviour was in my judgement oppressive and an abuse of their position of power, and has shown a flagrant disregard for the defendant's rights," the judge said. Mr Robinson was awarded £10,000 damages.

Over the years Hamlin Slowe have obtained around 300 Anton Pillar Orders. Meanwhile Mr Dale continues to wait — and wait — to hear the Law Society's verdict on his complaint.



In the City

IT MIGHT not be everyone's first or even second thought that the tiny British Caribbean island colony of Anguilla — population 7,000 — would be an ideal international business centre. But long-time Goldsmith "gofer" Peter West seems determined to pull off his scheme for a proposed monopoly on the formation of companies as well as a shipping and aircraft register with matching insurance accessories on the tiny tax haven. Disclosure by *Private Eye* last year of support by the island's administration, together with the personal participation of the then local attorney-general, for West's Anguilla Overseas Business Corporation, resulted in the plan being derailed.

But undeterred West has persisted and in recent months — waving the Goldsmith card even more vigorously than before — has resumed regular visits to Anguilla in a bid to revive the scheme.

The West comeback has been greatly aided by an implicit recommendation from the Foreign Office, which, it appears, has accepted (or should it be "fallen for"?) his claim that his friend and patron, the great financier, is behind the scheme and is about to make Anguilla his base for worldwide "unbundling".

After the *Eye*'s comments on West's chequered financial past (legal actions for non-payment of debts, the overdue loan from bankers Keyser Ullmann together with a less than successful venture selling aged airplanes to Liberia) embarrassed FO officials ordered an examination of the West proposal. The result was a firm recommendation from an adviser that — if he were involved — Goldsmith and his multi-millions were just what under-resourced Anguilla needed. The Anglo-French financier has become flavour of the month with certain officials in the Thatcher "one of us" circle.

That, however, rather begged the question of whether Goldsmith was indeed backing West and his scheme as the rather rumpled, dandruffed promoter constantly bragged. Officials on the island have often been assured that at any moment Sir James would be beamed down enveloping Anguilla in the benevolent glow from his vast wealth. It was only the pressure of other business commitments — like the bid for BAT or was it duties/discussions with the Bank of England? — that prevented his appearance, declared the confident West.

Meanwhile West continued to shuttle back and forth from his base in Palm Beach, Florida, either by yacht or executive jet. On several occasions he has had strings of potential investors in tow; but most seemed to leave rather early.

On a recent visit last month West hosted a party at a local hotel to which he invited the island's governor and other prominent officials. At such occasions West has been heard to drop relentlessly not just the name of his good friend Sir James, but also his other equally good friends Mrs Thatcher and the Queen.

Of course the Goldsmith claim may be completely true. And then again Peter West's Anguillan activities may come as something of a surprise to Goldsmith, last reported heading East to spend time in China, Mongolia and Japan. Anguilla was not stated to be on his itinerary.

Whether Peter West will achieve his aim in Anguilla remains to be seen — as does the great financier.

THE FINANCIAL PR drums have been beating for the investment attractions of Robert and Graham Bourne's new property vehicle, Ex-Lands. The puffery regularly refers to how they cleverly sold their former company, Local London Group, for £111 million last year before the property bubble burst. Such recent items as the glowing coverage in the *Sunset Times* and the *Times* failed to mention that purchasers Priest Marians all but terminally choked on Local London's borrowings and its less-than-prime assets.

GOOD TO see the renewal of the old partnership between Cap'n Bob and stockbroker-turned-merchant banker and now marketmaker Michael Richardson. Maxwell has turned to Smith New Court, where Richardson is chairman, in preference to Laing & Cruickshank in his bid to gobble up more of *The Independent*.

Maxwell and Richardson go way back to the mid-sixties when the Cap'n was earning his DTI commendation at Pergamon and the ambitious Richardson was at brokers Panmure Gordon. Richardson quit Panmure for Cazenove, which declined to have Maxwell as a client. A few months later in 1969, Panmure dumped Maxwell ahead of the Takeover Panel inquiry into the collapsed Leasco bid which preceded the DTI's famous "unfit" finding.

It may take a while, but what goes around comes around, especially when there is money to be made.

AN INTERESTING and no doubt totally irrelevant aspect of the disaster at London United Investments relates to the coincidental friendship between chairman Ronnie Driver and rogue Lloyd's underwriter Peter Cameron-Webb.

Both men shared a seemingly insatiable appetite for the supposedly easy money premiums represented by insuring companies and partnerships against such "long tail" risks as industrial injury, pollution or professional indemnity. Both totally misread just how long and costly that tail would be in the billion dollar world of asbestosis, toxic waste etc. That miscalculation helped to sink the PCW syndicates and has now all but sunk LUI.

Interestingly enough, Cameron-Webb has been rumoured by American sources to have been writing business through London in the past year or so via a company in New Mexico run by a former business associate. Driver denies, however, US gossip that he might have been involved in doing any business with Cameron-Webb.

THE ALREADY rickety, post-Guinness reputation of the Takeover Panel as fearless watchdog of the City has not been improved by its farcical Delphic finding over the clear leak of the SPP bid for property group London & Edinburgh Trust (*Eye* 739). After ruthlessly grilling the advisers concerned about how such precise information had reached the *Sunday Times* and then other Sunday City pages, the panel pronounced: "Everybody concerned with the offer has confirmed... that they were not responsible for the leaks." Well, they would, wouldn't they!

Clearly still living in a world long gone, the panel believes the bad guys always own up. Just as Cazenove and Guinness did. As a result the panel "has no reason to doubt these assurances".

Well, how then does the panel think the *Sunday Times* and others knew that SPP were to bid 220p a share the next morning? By a process of osmosis perhaps? Or maybe an epidemic of telepathy?

Doubtless the *Sunday Times* was much relieved to discover that its faithful supporters Lowe Bell Financial, who acted for LET, were not unjustly blamed as the source of its or anyone else's information.

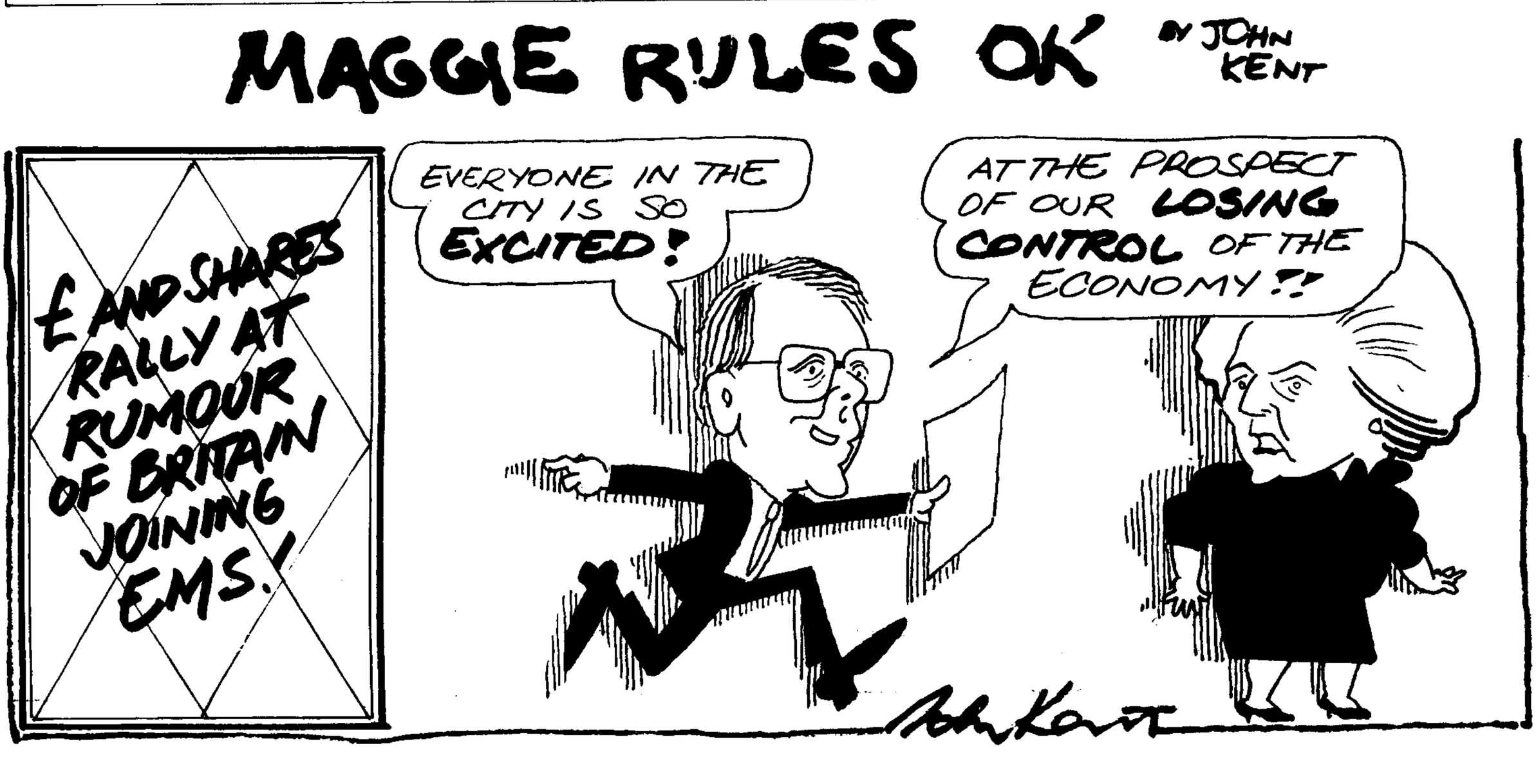
SHAREHOLDERS in Globe Investment Trust are unlikely to be impressed by the Coal Board pension fund's claims to investment expertise when considering their suitor's performance in two situations where Globe also had an involvement.

It has emerged that whereas the pension funds wrote out a large cheque last autumn for the now already struggling Maccorp Holdings bureaux de change venture, Globe turned down Arden McClelland and Robin Cutts. Globe seemingly took a dim view of McClelland's business skills, not least because of the failure of a previous start-up Vitari (UK) which had gone under earlier in 1989 for £2 million. The Coal Board thought such information less important and with other investors put up £6 million. Maccorp is now forecasting a possible £500,000 loss instead of a profit and Cutts has left.

Then there is Coloroll which has fallen all the way from being a high flyer to a penny stock with questions as to whether the home furnishings group may even survive. Globe sold its Coloroll shares last year at around 171p. The Coal Board is still in there with some 10 percent-plus.

Clearly a case for take the money (if it's the right price) and run — something, alas, pensioners are unable to do.

'Slicker'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LADY with chronic M.E. needs financial help for treatment and tests. Donations Box 2242.

FEMALE motorcycle racer needs sponsorship. Box 2342.

SINGLE MUM, struggling with mortgage despite working (nurse). Can anyone help? Please? Box 2442.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE Oxford finalist (21) urgently needs £2,000 to continue studies. Please help — anything considered. Box 2542.

ORIGINAL ARTIST seeks patrons, contacts, agent: check me out! Box 2642.

PLEASE donate £10. Box 2742.

DESPERATE physicist needs money for PhD. Any contributions gratefully received. Box 2842.

TEN GENTLEMEN sought to donate/lend £500 to pe-Oxford graduate for vital vivification at British University of Florence. Cheques please to J. Pope. Box 2942.

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DESPERATE STUDENT needs £1,500. Blonde, female, anything considered. Box 3042.

SECOND-YEAR student desperately needs financial help. Not a scrounge but a beg. Please help. Thank you. Box 3142.

YOUNG LADY running small media business in London needs backer, long or short term or cash, anything considered to keep business operating. Box 3242.

BEAUTIFUL bankrupt singer needs £3,000 for classical music recording project. Box 3342.

TIRED ILL female student needs £1,000. Genuine and desperate. Box 3442.

EAST EUROPEAN needs help to finance expensive medical treatment of his 4-year-old son. Please help. Donations to Box 3542.

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PETITE FEMALE, 25, graduate, considered attractive, seeks male for friendship, outings and whatever else may develop. Age/solvency irrelevant. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 5242.

TALL, remarkably handsome, witty, kind, educated, affluent, professional married man, 42, looking for pretty female equivalent, 35-50 for sincere relationship. Discretion essential. London. Box 5142

SAILING ENTHUSIAST? Successful, professional (reformed workaholic), woman, late 30s, needs male counterpart to help escape (or just tolerate) ratrace and postpone middle-age; to share sailing, other varied interests, laughter, life in general. No one attached, dim, insincere, pompous, wimpish or middle-aged need apply. Photo appreciated. Box 5342.

I'D LOVE a regular rendezvous with a mature, even elderly gentleman who can provide romance with chivalry without complications — exciting shopping trips. Who knows how to wine and dine a lady. I am special, are you? North West. Box 5442.

LIVELY MALE (24) seeks female friend for the coming summer days. Box 5542.

GENUINE, professional man, seeks caring, long term relationship, 20-38. Birmingham, anywhere. ALA. Box 5642.

SEA-GOING, occasional culture vulture (26) seeks like-minded Doris for meaningful correspondence and discrete and exclusive entertainment with possible relief when in home waters. Box 5742.

COMPANY DIRECTOR (40) with keen sense of humour, seeks intelligent, lively female partner (25-40) to share wining, dining, theatre, concerts and foreign travel. Telephone number and photo please. This guarantees a dinner date. Box 5842.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

MALE, 36, seeks Lynsay Baxter/Isobel Black lookalike, 25-35, for friendship/romance. Must like life, music, countryside, green issues, mysteries. Sense of humour essential. Photo please. West Country. Box 5942.

POST GRADUATE, 33, tied but neglected seeks lady for discreet liaisons. Humberside. Box 6042.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE, 40, seeks articulate, educated, successful male to join in laughter and sharing. London/Herts. Box 6142

AVON. Attractive, easy going businessman, 40s, tied. Interests: theatre, good food and wine, travel. Would love to meet a warm, intelligent, feminine lady who would enjoy an uncomplicated but stimulating and caring relationship with the right man. Please call 0836 265711 or write to Box 6242.

HETEROCLITIC London, 28, seeks life with bright, eclectic, literate woman of self-esteem and spark. Intellectual pungency more important than habits, looks or history. Box 6342.

SUCCESSFUL, sporty, laid-back, humorous 39 year old male seeks similar attractive, naughty, stocking-clad lady 25-40 to join in pursuit of uncomplicated and uninhibited pleasure and possibly much more. Photo appreciated. London/Hants/Surrey. Box 6442.

FUN LOVING, good looking, very generous businessman in his thirties finds himself unexpectedly alone after a long relationship. Looking for a good looking, sophisticated, modern lady who is perhaps not too career-minded and who wishes to be spoilt and enjoy good times in a one-to-one relationship. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 3540.

OWNER OF a lonely heart (30) seeks caring lady to make life complete. Scotland/anywhere. Box 6542.

ELIGIBLE bachelor, 31, tall, strong, handsome and kind, seeks pretty, blonde, public-school girlfriend. (Send photo) Box 6642.

FRANCOPHILE, apprentice divorcee, 40, seeks petite lady of independent means and temperament to share some champagne. S.E. Box 6742.

FUNLOVING, attractive businessman, 32, who enjoys skiing, books, theatre and country walks, seeks career-minded woman 24+ to share similar interests. If you like good food and are interested in the possibility of a light-hearted relationship write with photograph. Berks/Oxon. Box 6842.

SOUTHERN, mid thirties, tall male wants to relax after work with similar aged, humorous female. Photo appreciated. Box 6942.

INTELLIGENT, humorous, huggable working mother (27) of 2 seeks matching male (kids optional), 29-45 for friendship, fun, hugs. Cambs/Essex. Box 7042.

LONDON NW6, tall man, 43, graduate, trilingual, into jazz piano, mac-graphics, cooking, jive dancing seeks n/s, artistic girlfriend. Box 7142.

RICHARD, 38, needs intimacy without children. Computer graduate and more, nature lover, quite together, slim, N/S. Box 7242.

LUNATIC LEO, 28, seeks red-haired lioness for mutual grooming, photo and letter. Box 7342.

PISCEAN professional male, single, 26, seeking female, soul-mate with sense of humour to look for little lost dragons and jelly babies. Photo appreciated. Box 7442.

MALE MENOPAUSE victim, 40, seeks attractive, tall girl 26-30 for quiet amusing time with 6' blue eyed cantankerous bastard with hair, snobbish and intolerant, arty type preferred, Glasgow, no plebs. Photo. Box 7542.

SINGLE, 28 year old man, ex-public school, wants slim, 20-26 year old woman, to love, and share the better things in life with. Photo and tel. no. please. Birmingham/W. Midlands. Box 7642.

SERGEANT Howie seeks Willow McGregor. Photo or corn-dolly appreciated. Box 7742.

FIT, INTELLIGENT male idiot seeks fit, intelligent female idiot for trips outside the asylum. Box 7842.

SUCCESSFUL businessman, London, looking for a special lady. I'm 39, attractive, romantic, affectionate, faithful, energetic. If you are educated, well spoken, slim, affectionate, 25-35 and looking for something very special, exciting and long lasting write to me with photo and phone. Box 7942.

GENTLE MAN, passive, but passionate, attractive, amusing and youthful, forties, seeks a mature, humorous and dominant lady, to love and honour and obey. Central London. Box 8042.

COTSWOLDS-BASED man, divorced, 40s, own business, into arts, films, music, outdoors seeks creative, intuitive, slim, attractive woman. Box 8142.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, slim, blonde, intelligent, easy-going, 50, tired of single life, seeks humorous, unattached man, maybe younger, for mutual care and attention. Likes country walks, city life, politics, honesty and the less serious things in life. Oxon/Anywhere. Box 8242.

I'M ALL WOMAN and lady, trusting unleashes immeasurable sensuality, you'd be proud of me in public too. I look ballerina-ish, very feminine, warm, soft, loving, independent, non-neurotic, sunshine-ish, individualistic, vulnerable. Please love life's free riches, but refinements also: love sex, the best, not cheapest. I value inner courteousness, generosity, positive thinking, humour! Please. Roguishness/sex appeal on exterior, be inwardly sensitive, tallish, slim, capable, successful. I love my 35 years but blow age. You 30-40ish? Box 8642.

NATALIA COLTHURST please communicate with Box 9042.

DESCRIBED as witty, tall, kind and male, graduate (24) seeks London based, independent buxom female (22-30) with similar attributes for drinking, dining and fun. ALA. Box 8342.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 38, tall, slim, good looking, warm, humorous, sensual, seeks slim, shapely, non-smoking female to share romance, friendship and more. Photo please. London. Box 8442.

UNATTACHED big 8 partner, airline captain or high level professional sought by unattached 36 year old professional lady, view long term relationship. Box 8542.

NEW-ISH MAN (professional, non-smoker, 30) needs real-ish woman to start enjoying life in Norwich with. Box 8742.

INDEPENDENT FEMALE teacher/writer /singer, 45, seeks tall, sane, literate, possibly younger male. Warwickshire. Box 8842.

SMALL, attractive, divorcee (33), tired of independent existence, wants to settle down and have babies. Sincere replies only. Photo appreciated. Box 8942.

GRADUATE MALE, 30, wishes to meet lady with a view to turning dreams into reality. Long letter please. London/Surrey. Box 9142.

LAME DUCK collector, seeks change of direction, warm, witty, now wiser, professional woman, just turned 50, seeks similar, N/S, unattached male, into country pursuits/domestic comfort — must not take self too seriously. Surrey/Sussex/Hants. All replies answered. Box 9242.

BRAINS seeks Lady Penelope. Must have own strings. Edinburgh. (ALA). Box 9342.

UNCONVENTIONAL, unattached male, 42, own house in country, wants to meet statuesque, energetic, adventurous, occasionally submissive woman, any age, for complicated relationship. Box 9442.

WANT TO civilise a man?! Intelligent, business guy, 31, Herts/London based, seeks a vivacious, understanding and cultured lady, 25-33 to rise to the challenge. Photo will guarantee a response. Box 9542.

SOUTHAMPTON/LONDON professional man, 40s, well spoken, n/s, loosely tied, needs very discreet, sensuous, intelligent woman to reach neglected parts. I am 6ft, slim and enjoy conversation, dining and other uncomplicated gentle pleasures. Photo appreciated. Box 9642.

BETTER A HASBEEN than a neverwas? Celibate (you still there??) female exsmoker/drinker, 40s, seeks male of this rare species for fun relationship. Box 9742.

WARMHEARTED, warmbodied, professional (Asian) man seeks similar lady/woman, 20-40. Home counties. Box 9942.

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MALE, 23, tall, handsome, humorous, sincere, inexperienced, composes. Likes: modern classical, art, progressive rock, countryside, elegance, "attitude". Dislikes: virtually everything else. Please write if you're an attractive lady looking for a warm friendship. Box 10142.

HASSLE FREE guy (23), tall, active with own teeth. Likes wine, pinball and Hockney. Seeks independent lady (20-50) into fairgrounds, pubs and hugs. Photo please. NE Scotland. Box 10342.

DESIRABLE female, new to W1 seeks good looking male over 40 to enjoy London with. Box 10242.

LONDON-BASED professional man (29) with sense of humour and varied conversational topics seeks intelligent, outgoing, independent and communicative female. Enjoys walks, meals, chatting and days out to escape from life's routines and usual commitments. Personality counts most but a photo would be appreciated. Tell me about yourself. Box 7341.

CARING, affectionate man, 35, slim, successful, herpes survivor, seeks intelligent, slim, very attractive female counterpart who is equally at home in high heels or Wellingtons, to share enjoyment of the countryside, travel, animals and fast cars. Photo exchange essential, total confidentiality expected and guaranteed. Surrey/London. Box 12141.

SEPARATED 1932 vintage male, seeks 50 plus AB lady for fin de siecle permanent relationship in Northern England, East Midlands. CV with likes and dislikes. Loyalty, understanding, humour are usp's. Box 10842.

EYELY intelligent, lonely, divorced chap (41), smoker, kids, handsome, 6', optimistically seeks nice, slim lady to grow young with. East Anglia. Box 10942.

RARE SPECIMEN? Thoughtful, caring, intelligent male to enjoy champagne with Dorset based female teacher (30). Box 11042.

MRS ROBINSON required. Tyneside area. Box 11142.

UNREQUITED ROMANTIC man seeks similar professional lady, early 30s, preferably London-based, for humorous times and long-term permanence. Box 11242.

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INDEPENDENT London man of 44, wants to meet breathtaking, independent London lady. Box 10542.

FUN LOVING, warm but lonely female seeks similar unattached male aged 35/45 to enjoy life with. Herts/Bucks area. Box 10642.

CO-OWNERSHIP of tall, slim, attractive, graduate's body, seriously underused, 1961 vintage, offered to slim, attractive female into cinema, music, travelling, country outings and quiet suppers. Photo appreciated. Box 10742.

BEAUTIFUL, tall, black female, 24. Seeks wealthy businessman for a fruitful relationship to enjoy dinner, travel. Tel/photo appreciated. Box 11342.

BEAUTIFUL, intelligent, warm, kind, successful woman, thirties, just ended long relationship seeks warm, unattached, loving, successful man for fun and possible lasting relationship. London area. Box 11442.

PHILOSOPHICAL thinking male, 30s, seeks like-minded souls to share the ups and downs of life. Box 11542.

HERPES MALE, single, civilised, successful, occasionally adorable and loveable, seeks lady 30-45 preferably London but anywhere on earth considered (well, almost). My present interests are people, travel, music, sport; there is room for one more; could it be you? Do take this opportunity to find out; at worst we can have a pleasant chat; the best could be somewhat more. Please write with phone no. Box 11642.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, male, 39, intelligent, attached, seeks discrete female to enjoy life with and give pleasure to. Photo appreciated. Counties south of London. Box 11742.

TALL, DARK, handsome undergraduate seeks attractive WPC or nurse for humour in uniform. South West/London. ALA. Box 11842.

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TALL, SLIM MAN: mid 40's but own hair, teeth, limbs etc. Separated and lonely. Fond of music, countryside and friends. Seeks pretty, intelligent, humorous lady to share life's pleasures. Herts/Cambs/N London. Box 11942.

OVERWORKED West London solicitor (35) seeks amusing lady for friendly fun filled relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 12042.

HAPPY, attractive, loving, professional woman, 40s, seeks laughter, cuddles with successful, delicious man. North. Photo appreciated. Box 12142.

NICE BIRMINGHAM guy, 38, hopelessly(???) looking for his slim, attractive blonde partner for life. Lots to offer. Box 12242.

WIDOWER (64), tall, professional, athletic, wishes to meet slim, attractive, cultured lady (50s, late 40s) for lasting companionship, London/Home Counties. Phone with photo appreciated. Box 12342.

NUBILE housekeeper required for company director (30, male). Live in (Cumbria). Photo and tel. no. Box 12442.

IF A BEAUTIFUL, 30 something female with a brain is out there, please write with photograph to avoid disappointing young, 40s, handsome, entrepreneur. Hampshire/Surrey. Box 12542.

HANDSOME, professional male graduate, 35, musical, nice bottom seeks girlfriend. Photo appreciated. Edinburgh/anywhere. Box 12642.

YOUNG MALE student (18) seeks older woman for physical education. Photo. Box 12742.

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MALE, 25, graduate, quiet, slightly daft, sporty, attractive and affectionate seeks similar, chatty, N/S female to "get to know" and all that — are there any nice girls in Kent. Box 12842.

UNATTACHED, Asian professional male, nearing 40, seeks lady very approximately similar age, view romance. Harrow area but will travel. Phone number, letter and/or photo guarantees reply. Box 12942.

ANGEL FISH seeks sole mate to explore deeper waters. Single female, thirties, modest and romantic, London/S.E. likes travel, swimming, cats and plankton. Box 13042.

MARRIED, but can't get enough. 50. 6ft, non-smoker seeks lady, 29-90 for that little bit extra. Lakes/Kendal. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 13142.

TALL, PROFESSIONAL male, graduate, (26) seeks young, intelligent nymphomaniac. Box 13242.

ARR, my phone has stopped ringing. Large, 42, N/W lady requires tall 35/45 male to speak tooooooo? Box 13342.

NOT SLIM, not beautiful, but happy, independent and funny woman, 32, seeks man for fun and friendship. Emotional cripples need not apply. (London) Photo guarantees reply. Box 13442.

WORTHWHILE MAN, 50s, looks, attitudes much younger, seeking optimistic, younger woman. Good looking, laughing, loving. Solvent. Photo please. Box 13542.

GOOD LOOKING, wealthy businessman (39) dying slowly from terminal marriage seeks miracle cure. If you are not in a similar situation and would like to be pampered please write with photograph if possible. Discretion assured. West Midlands/anywhere. Box 13642.

BEAUTIFUL black lady, 30, shapely, seeks white professional, London, for travel, marriage. Photo prerequisite. Box 13742.

WARM, SINCERE woman, 31, tall and fair, artistic and bright seeks tall, cheerful, single, solvent male (28-38). London. Box 13842.

AGEING HIPPY wants female company. Nine weeks Mediterranean boating. N/S. Box 13942.

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I'M ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, strong, male, 34, Anglo-Australian, in London and single. You're a woman, 25-36, with a sprinkling of the above and better at answering these ads than I am at writing them. Box 14142.

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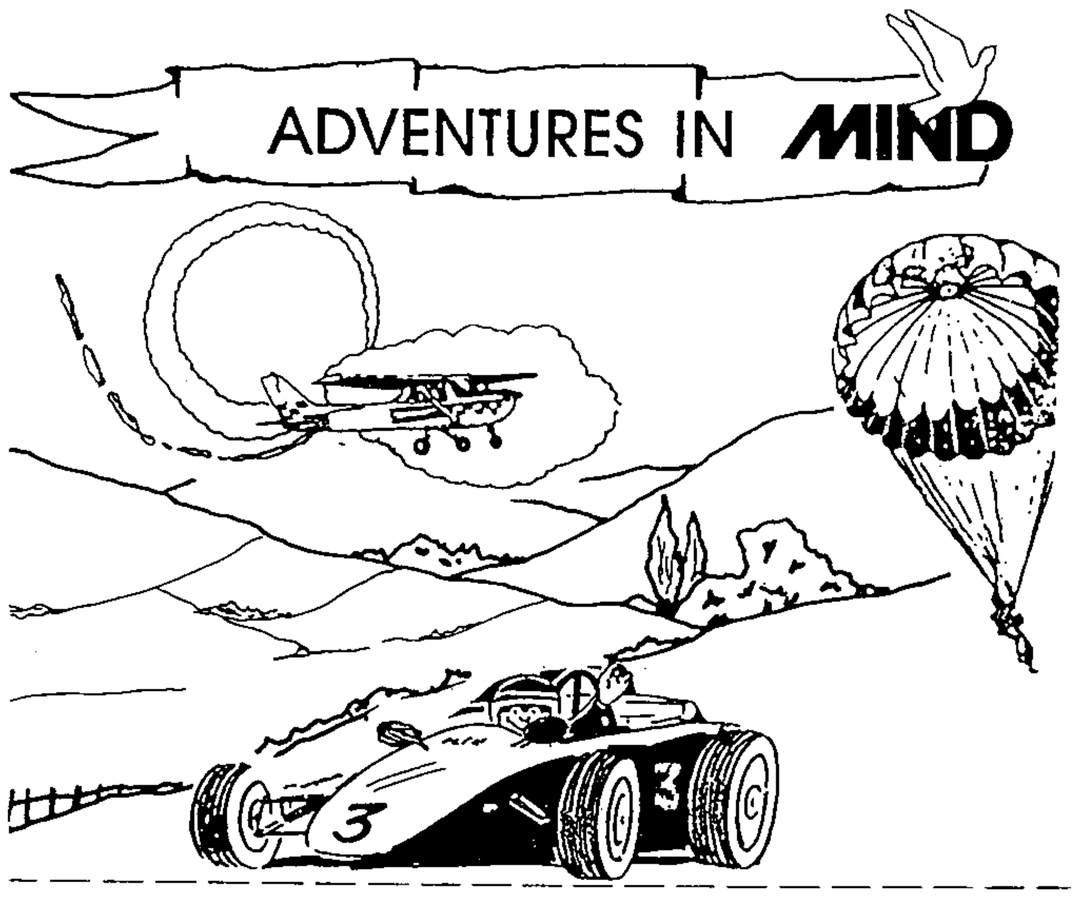

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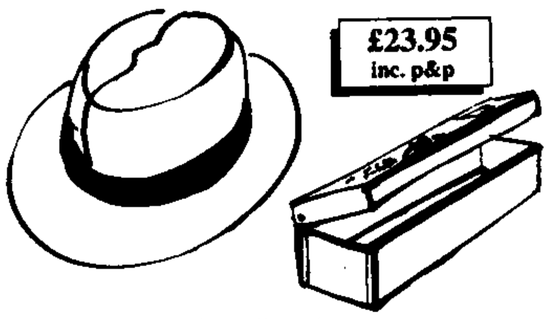

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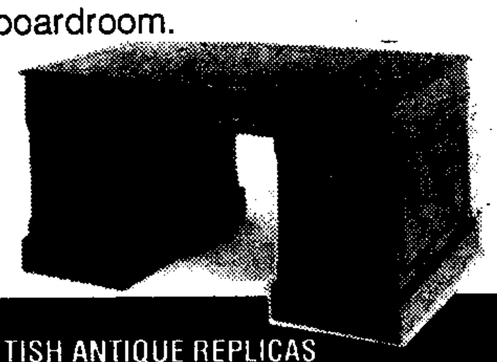

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